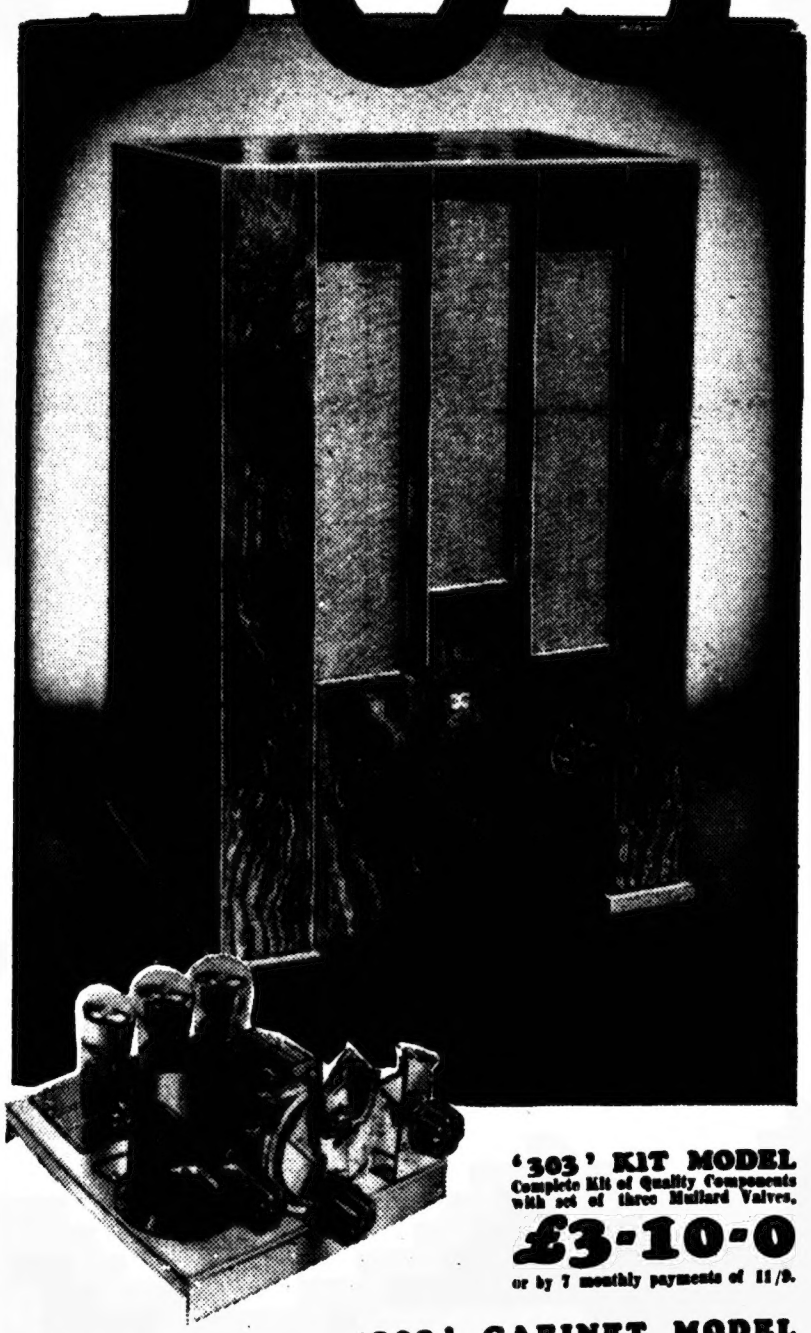
DARK DAYS FOR BRIGHT BOYS SEE PAGES 16 and 17

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1368.

JOHN BULL

"303"



'303' KIT MODEL
Complete Kit of Quality Components with set of three Mullard Valves.
£3-10-0
or by 7 monthly payments of 11/9.

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Complete Kit and Valves as above with beautiful walnut cabinet fitted with new type of moving-coil speaker.
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Manufactured throughout at Blackheath, London, by Ready Radio, Ltd., Eastnor House, Blackheath

READY RADIO

You will ~~can~~ build the '303' in 20 minutes

SIMPLEST TO BUILD
Mount five components—connect five wires—"303" complete! Automatic contact!

EASIEST TO USE
Only three controls—one dial tuning. Incorporates amazingly sensitive and selective coil unit with four-in-one control.

SENSITIVE AND SELECTIVE
Foreign stations in plenty, clear of interference, all at full volume.

UNRIVALLED APPEARANCE
Beautiful walnut cabinet.

LASTING QUALITY
Glorious moving coil reproduction from Home and Continental Stations. The first set to bring lasting quality radio to the battery-set user.

DESIGNER'S GREATEST TRIUMPH
Mr. G. P. Kendall, B.Sc., the leading designer in this country, says: "I am content for my reputation to stand or fall by the performance of the '303'."

The set which all your friends will envy.

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A beautifully illustrated 20-page Book containing full instructions and plans showing how to build the "303" in twenty minutes FREE if you post coupon now.
This Book also contains complete constructional details of the Meteor S.G.3—the Kit Set for all-wave all-world radio.

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Please send me free the '303' and Meteor S.G.3 Book and tell me about your REGISTERED USERS' SCHEME.

Name.....

Address.....

Please put a cross against the set in which you are interested. '303' .....
J.B.1. Meteor S.G.3. .....

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To obtain members for
BRITAIN'S BEST XMAS CLUBS.
GENEROUS COMMISSIONS PAID.
Chocs, Toffees, Xmas Novelties, Cigs., etc. No outlay. Cat. free.—Write, Manret Confectionery Co., 385, Corn Exchange Bldgs., Manchester.

THE BEST AGENCY for Private Greeting Christmas Cards and Calendars is the "New Art" Series. Attractive Cards of highest class, low prices and very high commission to Agents. Persons of either sex inquire for particulars—you will be interested. Dept. 2, THE ASTORIA PUBG. CO., 16, BOOTH ST., SALFORD, LANCS.

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Direct importers of Ceylon Tea require representatives to sell packet tea. Generous profits; quality guaranteed under Registered Mark. Special terms to those in large works or institutions.—Write for particulars, ANGLO-CEYLON TEA CO. (Dept. A.), 100, King Street, Hammersmith, W.6.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME
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BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linc, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. *Enquiries for Agency Invited.*
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LARGE quantity of knickers for sale. Made from high-quality silk Locknit fabrics; perfect, 3/11, sub-perfect 2/11; all shades in stock; postage paid.—Rochdale Manufacturing Co., Newchurch Road, Bacup, Lancs.

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FREE.—Benson's famous catalogue of watches, Jewellery, etc. on easy terms. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 25, which contains an offer of a wonderful Precision Watch for 9s. down. The voucher entitles readers to a discount of one guinea.

A PERFECT shave without a razor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for a sample of "Snow," the marvellous discovery, by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 25.

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GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts, Repairs, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, OldSt., Ldn., EC1.

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You can't stop eating them.
Must be DUKE'S.

BEWARE of insect-bites, cuts, etc. Carry an IODINE-PENCIL in your pocket. 1/-, in nickel case.—Doughty's, Regent Road, Gt. Yarmouth.

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FREE.—£13 prizes—£5 first prize and hundreds of other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "Diploma" Cheese for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 11. Read contents carefully and send in your entry now for the simple competition.

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READERS' attention is drawn to the B.D.V. advt. on page 14 and the special Macintosh offer, for which a voucher appears in the advt.

WOMEN readers are offered a free package of New Vest in the advt. on page 27.

LOOK INTO *John Bull's* "Shop Window"! Silver Watches sent free—no money first; Bedchairs with spring seat and 3 velvet cushions for 19/6; Garden Sheds which can be easily assembled, sent for small deposit; Billiard and Bagatelle tables for the coming long evenings, supplied on very easy terms. These are a few of this week's offers. See page facing, then turn to page 14.

FROM 5/3 Per Month CARRIAGE PAID PAYMENTS

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Curtains paid to your station in 6 strong, neatly creosoted sections. Strong, planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing felt supplied. Doors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
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MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 14

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Were 37/6 NOW 19/6

Full length Bedchairs. Solid Oak frames polished dark. 3 Velvet cord cushions any colour. Fitted with our comfortable patent Spring Seats. Pat. No. 356995/30. Manufactured from British Steel and guaranteed not to sag with wear. Call and inspect or send for New Coloured Catalogue "J." Reg. or cross P.O.'s. Carr. and Packing England and Wales 2/-. Deferred terms if desired.

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All British

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Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor coverings. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

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Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide.

Send for Samples and full particulars post free.

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90 SQ. FT. FOR 15/-

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CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE 30/-

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

76 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath, Robes, Lovers or Wincey, Day Gowns, Vlieth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Bank Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Avoid inferior imitations. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 3/- for parcel on approval—judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

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7ft. x 5ft. £2.17.6 (Everything complete).

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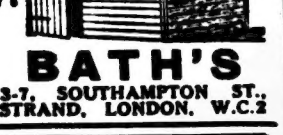
4ft. x 4ft. x 6ft.	£1 0 0
5ft. x 4ft. x 6ft.	£1 5 0
6ft. x 4ft. x 6ft.	£1 10 0
7ft. x 5ft. x 7 ft.	£2 10 0
9ft. x 6ft. x 7 ft.	£3 7 6
10ft. x 6ft. x 7 ft.	£3 17 6



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Sent Carr. Paid ready to switch on for 11/- down and 2/6 weekly

Guaranteed for 12 months. Absolutely complete with Loud Speaker, Osram Valves, Exide Accumulator and Batteries, all entirely self-contained in a handsome Walnut Cabinet. Foreign Stations easily obtained.

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State whether Soundbox 5/- or clips over tone-arm.

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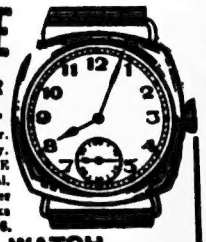

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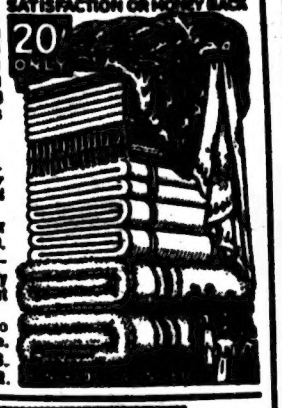

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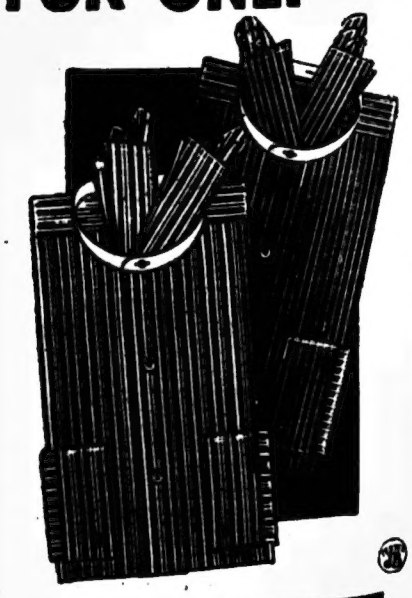

THIS OFFER IS EXTENDED TO SEPTEMBER 30TH

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, September 3, 1932. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, ½d.* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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What a Nerve!

THE impudence of the Lunacy Board of Control passes all belief.

It has just had the nerve to come before the mothers and fathers of the nation whining because it can't get enough of their children certified as mental defectives!

It actually has the effrontery to complain that it is not getting sufficient asylum-fodder from the elementary schools, and that measures ought to be provided to see that it gets a fuller ration.

You can find the complaint in the Board of Control's new annual report, which says:

"Local authorities are fundamentally dependent upon local education authorities for their knowledge of young defectives, and it is much to be regretted that so small an increase is shown this year in the number of cases notified by the local education authorities."

In other words, the education authorities are caned by this insufferable Board of Control for not pushing more of the children under their care into asylums.

We wonder what the education authorities will think of this gross impertinence. We hope it will stir them (and we include teachers individually all over the country) to resist to their uttermost powers the wicked attempts that are being made to draft merely backward children to asylums in their hundreds.

How dare the Board of Control "regret" that the figures show "so small an increase"?

How dare it assume that the schools are full of imbeciles who ought to be combed out?

Wanted: child victims! For the super-octopus has some tentacles that are not working . . .

Not *enough idiots!*

UNLESS it has paid personal visits to every school in the country, and personally examined all the children, it has no grounds for any such assumption.

Yet it accuses the education authorities of neglect of duty!

Well, we would rather trust them than the Lunacy Bosses.

Last year, says the report, the number of mental defectives notified was only 97,310, a mere increase for the year of 11,347 compared with the previous twelve months.

An average notification of 300 cases daily all the year round, even although it represents an increase of about 11 per cent., is not good enough for the voracious and merciless Board of Control. There must be more idiot children knocking about somewhere!

The plain truth is that the Board of Control doesn't know, and can't possibly know, that the number of doomed children already on its registers and inside its asylums should be doubled?

With it the wish is father to the thought. An annual increase of only 11 per cent. does not justify a colossal expenditure of £9,000,000 yearly—excluding the cost of an equally wasteful organisation in Scotland. The Board *needs* a 100 per cent. extra supply of victims, and demands no less, in order to justify the existence of its jobholders.

Only a few years ago a child was not considered to be mentally deficient unless it was an idiot, imbecile, pervert, or so deranged that detention was essential for its safety.

But there were not enough children of this type in the country to satisfy the Board of Control's ambitions to become the greatest and most tyrannous bureaucracy in England.

So gradually it extended the definition of mental deficiency, and put the mark upon children who occasionally suffered from fits, and got them shut up in asylums by the thousand. Its agents also began scouring the juvenile courts and roping in boys and girls who had committed the most trivial misdemeanours.

Still the supply of young asylum-fodder was not sufficient to justify the salaries of the huge army of officials which the Board of Control had created.

So it formed a totally fresh concept of mental deficiency.

It decreed that any child who was merely slow in school studies—hesitant when reading aloud or not nimble with figures—could be certified as feeble-minded and locked up in one of its asylums.

Thousands of innocent, healthy children have been seized from their parents under this damnable interpretation of the law and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Few of those who are cast into asylums are ever released. If the captivity was not permanent there would be fewer jobs for officials.

And now, in September, 1932, the Lunacy Bosses are still not satisfied with their hauls.

Instead of bemoaning the fact that so few children comparatively have been certified mentally defective, they ought to rejoice in the fact.

Fancy, for instance, the Ministry of Health bitterly complaining in print that there weren't so many children being attacked by diphtheria as there used to be. What a howl of public execration would go up!

We hope a similar howl will go up against the Board of Control.

It needs it badly to bring it to its senses. Just consider the new demands it is making in this report.

"John Bull's" fight

NOT content with the supply of asylum-fodder from the so-called special schools, it looks round for richer sources to tap:

"Until the law has been amended so as to allow the notification of feeble-minded children leaving ordinary schools at any age . . . the evils referred to above will continue."

In fact, the Board is panting to establish a monstrous Inquisition in all the elementary schools all over the country, whereby children who are not particularly bright in their lessons would all come within danger of being packed away for life into asylums.

God help the "bottom boy in the class" (or the bottom girl) if ever the Lunacy Board of Control gets its way.

But we don't believe, for a moment, it ever will. The long campaign that John Bull has waged against this massacre of the innocents has begun to tell.

Far from Parliament passing an Act to give the Board of Control new powers to bring misery into working-class homes, we think it much more likely that in the future it will find its autocratic powers curtailed—as they should have been long ago.

But what a nerve!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

New Light on Some of Our Real Rulers

A STRANGE series of incidents during the last few days makes us wonder just how we are being governed and by whom.

The general view is, of course, that Parliament does the job, well or ill, as the case may be.

But it now seems that a bench of magistrates can have more immediate everyday power than all the M.P.s and Cabinet Ministers put together.

Incredible—but true

Take Leicester first.

A market gardener was charged at the police-court with selling his produce direct to a shopkeeper.

Why on earth shouldn't he? For the simple reason that he was forbidden to do so by a sub-section of Section 35 of the Leicester Improvement, Drainage and Markets Act of 1868!

The case was dismissed, but why should a gardener be prosecuted for selling his cabbages to the shopkeeper who is going to supply them to you?

Sleepy head

Then, at Southend, an hotel proprietor applied for an extension of drinking hours until 1 a.m. for a midnight supper party to be given by the Mayor to the officers of the *Hood* and *Renown* during carnival week.

The extension was allowed only till midnight—when the party begins.

Mr. Joseph Francis, chairman of the Bench, said: "I cannot understand why people want to have supper at midnight. I am usually in bed by ten o'clock."

And does he understand that he has no right to expect the whole of Southend to cuddle down just when he begins to feel sleepy?

The hat fetish

Next, go to Coventry.

A woman witness at the police court went into the box without a hat. So the magistrate's clerk ruled that she couldn't take the oath.

Does this mean that a woman with a hat tells the truth and that the woman without one tells lies?

Presumably the clerk wasn't wearing his hat, but it seems to us that he was talking through it.

Final stupidity

If Leicester, Southend and Coventry are not enough, take the City of London

Mrs. Lydia Joseph, a "flower girl," has been selling flowers outside the Stock Exchange for thirty-five years. Then a policeman reported her for causing an obstruction, and she had to answer a summons at the Guildhall.

Whereupon Mrs Joseph was fined half a crown.

Land of the free?

What nonsense it all is!

Why shouldn't we be allowed to go to bed when we like, to sell cabbages to whomever we like, to wear a hat or go without one, to buy flowers outside the Stock Exchange?

Great Britain is not a kindergarten, and the sooner that is recognised the better it will be for her quite intelligent inhabitants.

Aged at thirty

Are M.P.s too old at sixty-five?

The coming annual conference of the Labour Party will be asked to decide that no candidate over that age shall be adopted. The younger members, you see, feel they aren't getting a fair chance.

We think some M.P.s are too old at thirty!

Down the sink

Fifty-five million pounds have been thrown away.

Last year, the Treasury and the Bank of England borrowed, at high interest rates, £130,000,000 from America and France. They have just repaid £185,000,000.

The money was borrowed to keep us on the gold standard, which had to be abandoned after all.

But, as the public pays, why worry?

Straight Tip to the Chancellor

A Heated Magistrate

It looks sometimes as though our real rulers should wear cap and bells

The Chancellor's duty

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes the ban off new issues of capital he ought still to keep some measure of control.

He might think it his duty to if he saw our postbag and read the hundreds of letters from small investors asking advice about "dud" companies floated in the go-as-you-please days.

Fleecing the public is a game that must be stopped.

His futile dreams

Sir Oswald Mosley will soon issue a book. It will show how Britain should be run as a Fascist State, with Sir Oswald as the British Mussolini or Hitler. Meanwhile, his young Nazis are holding classes in physical training.

Apart from that, Sir Oswald is wasting his time—and his money. And he's spent quite a lot of both.

Heat is bad for justice

The other day Mr. Dummett, the Marlborough Street magistrate, felt too angry to pass sentence on a man who ran away with Leslie Henson's car.

While we are pleased he postponed it till he was cooler, we are not pleased at the idea of magistrates and judges letting themselves be worked up into indignation by the evidence before them.

A cool, balanced temper is the first essential for the fair administration of justice.

Premature

Sir Basil Peto and Commander James are the two M.P.s who lead the movement for sterilising the mentally unfit.

When Parliament reassembles they will introduce a Bill to allow sterilisation to be carried out in certain cases.

But we don't know enough about mental unfitness to make this a safe Bill. It is premature.

Crisis

What will happen to the League of Nations? Its coming meeting will bring the biggest crisis in its history.

Italy, Germany and Japan may threaten to resign. There will be a fine squabble about the League's inactivity during the Manchurian and South American disputes.

And twenty-four nations have failed to pay their fees this year.

What a commentary on 20th century civilisation!

Record craziness

There is no reason for the nation to be proud of the seventeen-year-old girl, Dot Shirley, who has just been boosted as having won a dancing marathon at Toulouse. She danced for 1,080 hours, silly creature.

It is a "record" that Britain can well do without.

Some great daily newspapers printed her picture in all seriousness. Well, well!

Brass farthing

We would just like to put on record that we don't care a brass farthing whether Mr. John Amery and Miss Una Wing have been, will be, hope to be, or fear to be, married in Russia, Latvia, anywhere else—or not at all.

And we are quite certain that ninety-nine per cent. of the people of this country feel just as we do.

Still, in the unfortunate absence of sea-serpents and giant gooseberries during the silly season, they have done their turn.

Road to the top

There's one reform which the Postmaster-General *must* make. It is that the big jobs at the G.P.O. should be thrown open to men who have had practical training in the provinces.

The Bridgeman Committee has recommended it—and it won't be difficult to carry out.

The Committee's frank exposure of the present autocratic secretariat shows that new blood is urgently needed.

A fight we don't want

We hope that no further attempts will be made to match Joe Beckett with Carpentier once more. Their previous fights were in 1919 and 1923.

A "come back" of this sort must inevitably be a sorry failure.

On tour

Beware of Benjamin Henry Bull, who is now touring the country.

Always dressed in uniform and wearing military decorations, he is proud of showing a tattooed "picture" on his arm—and of running up bills and obtaining loans by ingenious stories.

But he has no right to wear uniform and should not be given credit.

The supreme sacrifice

Mrs. Elizabeth Issatt was seventy-five years old. She was wheeling her grandchild across a level-crossing near Doncaster when the Scottish express came roaring down upon her.

By a desperate push she got the perambulator clear of the line. A moment later she perished beneath the express.

Could any deed of self-sacrifice be greater?

A change we like

Hitherto it has been cheap to hit a railwayman.

The company has always summoned the bad-tempered passenger for assault, so the injured workman has been unable to claim damages at common law.

Now, following the lead of the L.M.S., leading companies will make people who hit out pay the man they hurt rather than seek a fine that helps nobody.

A change after our own heart.

An epic

Here is a story from Karachi that deserves to be printed in letters of gold.

A British engineer, Mr. W. N. Cartland, had been ill for months and was about to retire. Then came floods which burst the banks of the Bergari Canal and threatened the lives of the Indian inhabitants of hundreds of villages.

Despite his illness, he fought the floods until, one night, he collapsed and died at his post.

An epic of self-sacrificing devotion to duty.

That is how they "carry on" along the Outposts of Empire.

Do they like cats?

The revolting cruelty of James Ward, a Minehead gardener, is matched only by the amazing leniency of the magistrates who sat in judgment upon him.

Ward was told by his mistress to have her cat destroyed by a chemist. Instead, he seized the wretched animal by its tail and beat it against a wall until it was insensible.

The Dunster magistrates fined him—£1.

Fine for Michael

Michael Byrne, of Liverpool, must also pay a pound.

Picking up his son's rabbit, he struck it on the head and threw it on the floor. Sixteen hours later it was found still alive, but with both its feet wrenched off.

In view of these fines, perhaps the Birmingham man who trapped pigeons with peas through which pins were stuck, and was fined £5, will think he was badly treated.

We know how we'd treat such brutes.

The innocents at home

This bandit business is going to have all sorts of complications.

When a motor-car crashed into a house the other day, a man mistook the driver for a bandit and hit him on the jaw.

On the previous day a Slough constable in plain clothes chased a man for cycling without a light.

The cyclist, thinking a bandit was after him, jumped off his machine and fled across a field.

Result—a fine of 7s. 6d.

What would have happened if he had treated that policeman as the other man treated the motorist?

A brave man passes

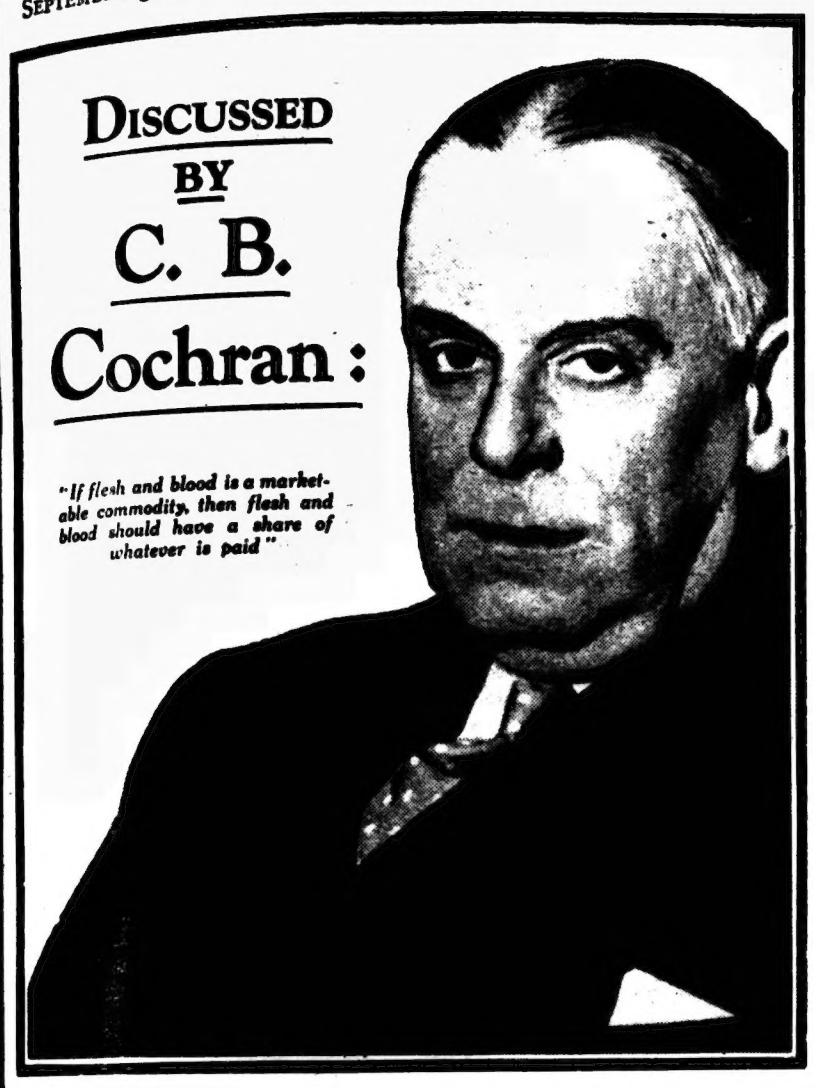
We want to salute the passing of H. G. Watkins, the Arctic explorer.

He was one of those to whom we paid tribute in our article—published only three weeks ago—on Britain's young men of high achievement and higher promise.

He was the finest type of post-war youth.

Now he is dead. But his name will not die, for he will always be remembered as one of that brave band which includes Scott and Shackleton.

DISCUSSED BY C. B. Cochran:



"If flesh and blood is a marketable commodity, then flesh and blood should have a share of whatever is paid"

The STAR "PRO"—WHAT should HE GET

I KNOW nothing whatever about football management, but if Alex. Jackson, the famous Chelsea winger, can, as he says, get three or four times as much money by playing for a Cheshire League club, then I think he has a right to go and get it.

It would be an impertinence for me to appear to dictate to or even advise either professional footballers or the clubs by which they are engaged.

Knowing so little about the business side of football as I do, I can only talk about the very wide and important question raised by Jackson's decision in the light of my own fairly extensive experience in dealing with "stars" and providing the public with entertainment.

The first thing I have always had to do is to study the human element, and if football directors can buy and sell "stars" and keep them in a contented frame of mind—well, they are in a very enviable position, and I should like to change places with them.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with directors if it is a case of a "star" wanting to dodge his legal obligations, but, none the less, I always have a sneaking sympathy with the man who knows he is drawing money for others, and who knows also that he is not getting his proper share of it.

All the football "fans" know it, I suppose, but it was rather a surprise to me, when I read about Jackson, to learn that the maximum pay of a professional in a Football League club is only £8 a week.

I am told that there are bonuses like £2 for a win and £1 for a draw, and that in the case of a Cup Final each man on the winning side gets a bonus of £20 and each player on the other side a bonus of £10.

I was astonished

BUT the fact that the basic pay could not rise above £8 a week, no matter how great an artist he happens to be, no matter how many thousands of people come to see him, and no matter how much he sends up the gate receipts, did rather astonish me.

It is all very difficult, I know, especially when you tell me that whereas the Arsenal made a profit of round about £30,000 last year, only three or four other clubs made between £5,000 and £12,000, while the same number paid the maximum dividend of 7½ per cent. on capital allowed by the Football Association.

I am not going into the question whether the buying and selling of players is in the best interests of sport.

A great many people think it is not; but with professional football turned into a great commercial proposition, as it now is, there must be something to be said for it, because the practice has been so general and long-continued.

What I do say is that if the buying and selling has to be, then certainly the professional who is bought and sold has a right to participate in the money which the buyers and sellers reckon to make on him.

This trading in players seems to be one of the commercial bases of professional football. Whether it is good or bad, its existence has to be recognised.

But the man who is sold for a huge sum should have a slice of it.

If he is drawing thousands of people every week all through the football season, nobody should be surprised if he gets a little peeved about receiving a wage of £8 a week.

If flesh and blood is to be a marketable commodity, then surely it is reasonable for the owner of the flesh and blood to expect a proper share of whatever is paid.

It never pays

LET me draw on my own experience. Take the theatre business. There has been buying and selling there in a minor degree without the subject of the deal getting any benefit. But I have never known it pay.

No wise manager would ever put through a deal without making it worth the while of the artiste he was buying.

There have been many cases like the following: An artist, say, has been under a term of years contract to a manager who, for one reason or another, has not been able to make full use of him. There is another manager who can use the artist, and who definitely wants him.

What happens? The artist is transferred, but if the manager who wants him and obtains him pays the original manager a profit salary he will be wise to insist that the actor shares it.

And it cuts both ways. Take a Harry Lauder case. A very fine music-hall manager named Denis Clarke, of Birkenhead, had Harry Lauder, years ago, under a small salary contract.

Lauder came along every year to fulfil his bargain, but Denis Clarke was a wise enough man not to pay him merely the contract price. He paid him what he was worth.

What was the result? Lauder would go out of his way to oblige him at any time. The whole thing, handled as Denis Clarke handled it, was good business for both of them.

That may seem a hard, material view to take, but it's a hard, material world. The person who *can* pull the crowds for you will pull them oftener and with greater zest if he is "standing in."

I myself have had many similar experiences. There have been young, inexperienced artists who, I thought, had a future. Well, no man in his senses would book them up on a contract based on what he thought their future was going to be.

So I have had them on contract at a small salary, and if my judgment has proved to be right, if the artists have become important and developed "drawing value," then I have increased their salaries.

There is no obligation to do this sort of thing, but if I hadn't done it I shouldn't have felt happy. And it would not have been good business.

Look at the boxing game. Putting it at its lowest, it doesn't pay you to get a man too cheaply. If you do get him cheaply, and keep him cheap, you're going to lose on it.

Suppose you discover a man who looks as though he might turn out to be good. You fix him up on a contract, and he *does* turn out to be good. Other promoters get after him. They outbid you, and try to buy him away, taking the risk of trouble over a broken contract.

Where do you come in if you keep to the letter of your contract with him, refuse to pay him more (although you know he is worth more), and insist on his sticking to his bargain?

Do you think he will turn up for the next fight fit and hearty and full of enthusiasm? Or do you think that at the last moment he will have a strained wrist or something wrong with his ankle?

Just good business

TO get back to Jackson. I see he has said publicly that by making his bold experiment he expects to make three or four times as much as the maximum £8 a week allowed by the Football League.

He disagrees with the fixing of a maximum wage for the professional footballer, whom he regards as a public entertainer, and he is out to test his own theories.

One remark the winger made the other day was: "I see this idea simply as sound business."

So do I.

I don't say Jackson is right in doing what he is doing. He may be wrong.

But again I insist on the importance of the human element. I have found in my business that you've just got to reckon with it.

When you are dealing with men (or with women) who can draw the crowds which it is essential for you to get, it is no good trying to run your business within the confines of what can be put down on a sheet of paper.

Alex. Jackson, knowing he is a good footballer, says he is out to make money by his ability at the game.

He has a perfect right to get as much as he can. Show me the "star" who would be content with the pay of the back row of the chorus.

And why should she?

Let Us Put the Clock On Fifty Years

We can still marvel at the miracles of invention of the past fifty years—now let us speed up Time and discover what greater wonders the year 1982 has in store for us

IF by some miracle we could skip back fifty years and know nothing of all the great achievements of Science since then, how many of us would be able to foresee the world of to-day?

Back in the year 1882 we should remember reading in our newspapers, three years before then, of how a certain adventurous German, Carl Benz, had driven a noisy, weird-looking, three-wheeled vehicle, called a motor-car, through the streets of Munich.

And we should recall that six years before there appeared an account of a miraculous conversation held by means of an instrument called a telephone.

But would these reports give us any impression of the teeming arterial roads and telephone exchanges of 1932?

Harnessing Sol—

Well, let us try the experiment to-day, and see whether we can forecast the world of 1982.

First of all, let us go on a journey to Pasadena in California, and take a look at the great solar motor which is likely to become before very long a familiar sight in the Tropics.

It looks like a huge, open, inverted umbrella with a piece cut off the top. It is balanced on a high steel framework set at an angle so that it catches the sunbeams on its 2,000 mirrors.

Each of these mirrors is 2 ft. long by 3 in. across, and reflects sunshine on to a long cylinder corresponding to a handle of the umbrella, holding 100 gallons of water.

This cylindrical boiler is made of steel, covered with heat-absorbing material.

Fill it up with cold water, and in one hour the hot Californian sun will heat it up to a steam pressure of 150 lb. so that it pumps 1,400 gallons of water a minute.

Already many big mining companies in South America and India have placed orders for it. The running costs are practically nil, and a child can manage it.

Here is the first of the machines of the New Age which will draw energy direct from the solar powerhouse.

Close on the heels of it is the astonishing invention of the brilliant young German physicist, Dr. Bruno Lange.

This is a photo-electric cell which generates electricity under the influence of light, but as yet this process is in its earliest infancy.

—and Mother Earth

Another inexhaustible source of energy to drive the engines of tomorrow is the heat of the earth.

A Royal Commission discovered that there is a rise of approximately one degree Fahrenheit for each 60 ft. we bore down under the earth's surface.

In one place it was calculated that by cooling off half a cubic mile of subterranean rock enough energy would be tapped to run all the electric power stations in Great Britain for three years!

How shall we be using these stupendous reservoirs of energy in the future?

In Italy, boiling springs have already been harnessed to drive electric generators which light towns forty miles distant.

In a little valley seventy-four miles from San Francisco, seven wells have been bored to depths of 300 ft. or so to tap the earth's internal heat.

The result has been the production of some 13,000 horse-power, generating enough electricity to light a town of 180,000 inhabitants.

It is calculated that 1,000 more steam wells could be bored in this valley alone, producing a total of 1,500,000 horse-power—enough to supply heat and light for the whole of London!

Perhaps it may be thought that steam wells are out of the question in England.

Quite the contrary is the case. Actually the highest earth temperature in the world—namely, 1,650 degress—is recorded at Bath.

• • •

Another discovery, less spectacular but enormously important for the future, is the production of peat coal.

Louis Rudeman, a Dutchman, has found out a method of accelerating Nature's process of converting peat into coal.

A Jog for Nature

This means that the vast deposits of peat in North America, Newfoundland, Canada, Russia and Ireland will one day be used as sources of motive power.

Even if we do not succeed in harnessing the atom, the next fifty years should be an era of boundless motive force.

Machines of all kinds will multiply greatly, and it may well be asked whether there will be enough metal from which to manufacture them.

Geologists know that there are gigantic deposits of iron ore in various parts of the world which cannot be smelted by any of our present-day methods. In Oxfordshire, for instance, there are some 200 million tons of rich ore lying close to the surface, but hitherto quite useless to us. Fortunately, there is another invention which is now being tested on a full commercial scale.

This is the Duffield Iron Process which substitutes a small rotary fur-

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HOMELY WISDOM

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Which is Right?

A GLASGOW reader of JOHN BULL has just sent me a budget of autobiography with plenty of human interest in it. He joined up at the age of seventeen and fought through the war. A few months before the armistice he was taken prisoner and suffered severely in a German hospital, but not more severely than he has suffered since from want of employment and the means of life.

He says he and many of his comrades came home utterly embittered by the senseless wickedness of the "war lords"—by which he means the politicians and financiers—who make bloody strife and send other men to do the fighting and be maimed and slaughtered for they know not what.

Finding his job gone, like thousands of other ex-Service men, he has wandered over a great part of the earth in the past few years seeking fresh opportunity and experience. He got the experience, but not much opportunity.

One thing he did get, however, which is worth recording in his own words. He writes:

"Whether tramping the roads or sleeping in a casual ward, I have always found someone ready, not only to share food with me, but to provide even in the roughest conditions a night's rest.

"There is nothing flows more freely in this world than the milk of human kindness. I have found the supply ungrudgingly forthcoming everywhere I have been. Womenfolk will share half of any meal with anyone they think really in want. In every nationality it is the same—British, French, American, dagoes of all sorts, Russians, Jews and Chinks."

This is a fine thing to be able to say after such a rough-and-tumble career. But our friend is wrong, as many others are wrong, in talking about the guilt of war-lords and the native goodness of the rest of mankind. The war-lords are just ourselves, the ordinary citizens of every country wherein fear, hatred, selfishness and distrust of our neighbours are in the saddle and dictate policy.

If we could only believe in what this man has discovered, that most people would sooner help others than injure them, we should speedily have a better world.

The worst feature of the present depression in industry is that it deprives millions of people of a useful purpose in life. Every man and woman wants that, and life should be so ordered as to furnish it to them. But rage against things in general is no good and does not advance improvement one little bit.

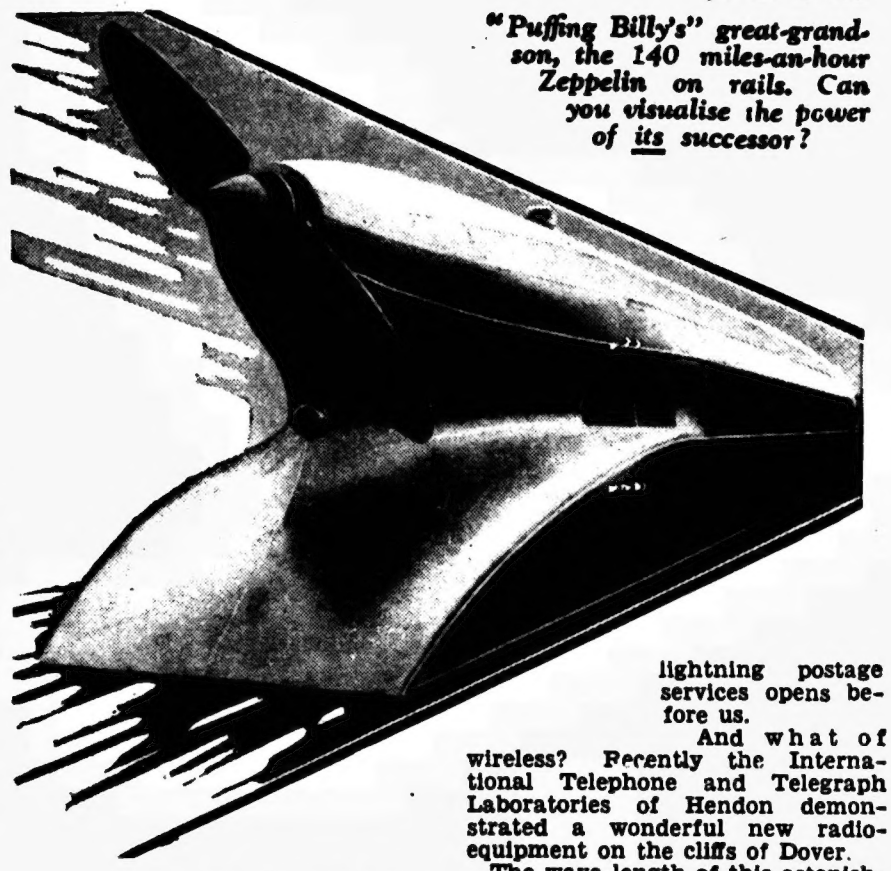
There are other letters on my desk from people I don't know, and I am sorry to say that the writers give a less attractive picture of human nature than that above quoted.

One of them says: "You tell us not to worry. The devil I live with never worries, and keeps on saying so till I am sick of hearing it. Consequently I have to worry for both, and find food and shelter for both. It almost drives one mad."

This is a poor state to be in, and the person who thus writes should show a different spirit. Let him take a leaf out of the book of the ex-soldier whose experience of men and women is so cheerily told. A devil on one's hearthstone is not so dangerous as a devil in one's heart.

Human nature is both bad and good. It is rather like a wireless set. What you get depends principally upon the way you tune in to the programmes of the world.

Years, and See— in the MAKING



"Puffing Billy's" great-grandson, the 140 miles-an-hour Zeppelin on rails. Can you visualise the power of its successor?

nace for the cumbersome blast furnace. It works practically any kind of iron ore, including the Oxfordshire ore, and produces an almost pure iron at about half the present market price of pig iron.

The future, then, will give us an almost unlimited supply of iron, and rustless iron at that.

However it is probable that the next fifty years will be an age of aluminium, and that alloys of this extraordinary metal will be discovered which will combine lightness, strength and cheapness in a degree we can scarcely imagine to-day.

First and foremost, these improved forms of aluminium will be applied to aircraft—the aircraft of to-morrow which will navigate the mysterious upper regions of the air called the stratosphere.

At the present moment both the Junker works in Germany and the Farman factory near Paris are building experimental stratosphere machines, and in the opinion of Mr. Mitchell, the famous designer of the Schneider Trophy winners, stratosphere flying will take only about five years to develop.

Secrecy conceals the details of the machines under construction, but experts believe that speeds of 600 miles an hour or more may be reached owing to the lessened air resistance at these great altitudes.

Passengers would travel in air-tight compartments, in which the air pressure and oxygen supply were regulated. Absence of air-pockets and storms would make stratosphere flying as comfortable as a voyage in a big ocean liner.

Another development of air travel which is close upon us—a trans-Atlantic service—has been made possible by the invention of seadromes, the first of which is due to be towed into position almost immediately.

Eight of these will span the Atlantic at intervals of about 350 miles. Each will have a 1,200-ft. landing deck, and a 900-ft. service deck below.

Sea Palaces

There will be four hangars, hotel accommodation for 250, a radio beacon, a petrol reservoir and an electrical fog-dispersing apparatus. A total of £18,000,000 is being invested in the venture, and the service is due to start next year.

Even in land travel by railway there is promise of a revolutionary new development. After two years of continuous experimenting, a coach is now running on a French branch railway—on pneumatic tyres!

It has a secret device to prevent flattening of a tyre if it is punctured, and there is one driver-collector in place of the normal staff of an engineer, a fireman, a conductor and a brakeman.

As compared with an ordinary railway carriage of the same size, this coach reaches a speed of 50 miles an hour in 650 yards instead of 1,650 yards, and stops from this speed in 110 yards instead of 1,100 yards. Several prominent railway engineers believe that it means one of the greatest revolutions in travel of modern times.

The much-talked-of rocket machine will have its place in the world of to-morrow—not, perhaps, as a means of reaching the moon, but as an express postal service.

At this very moment letters are being successfully despatched by the world's first rocket post in the neighbourhood of Lake Geneva.

The Raab-Katzenstein Aviation Company in Germany is actually building experimental passenger-carrying rocket machines designed to fly at a speed of 350 miles an hour.

A world of limitless motive energy, swift and smooth travelling and lightning postage services opens before us.

And what of wireless? Recently the International Telephone and Telegraph Laboratories of Hendon demonstrated a wonderful new radio-equipment on the cliffs of Dover.

The wave-length of this astonishing pigmy set was only 18 centimetres. The aerials were less than one inch long, and the power used was just enough to light a tiny electric bulb of a pocket torch.

Mirrors directed a special ray oscillating 1,600 million times a second, and by means of it a telephone conversation was held with Calais.

It is calculated that there is room for half a million of these micro-ray transmitters on the ether, all working on a different wave-length, but not interfering with each other! Here is a glimpse of the international telephone system of to-morrow.

Army of Inventors

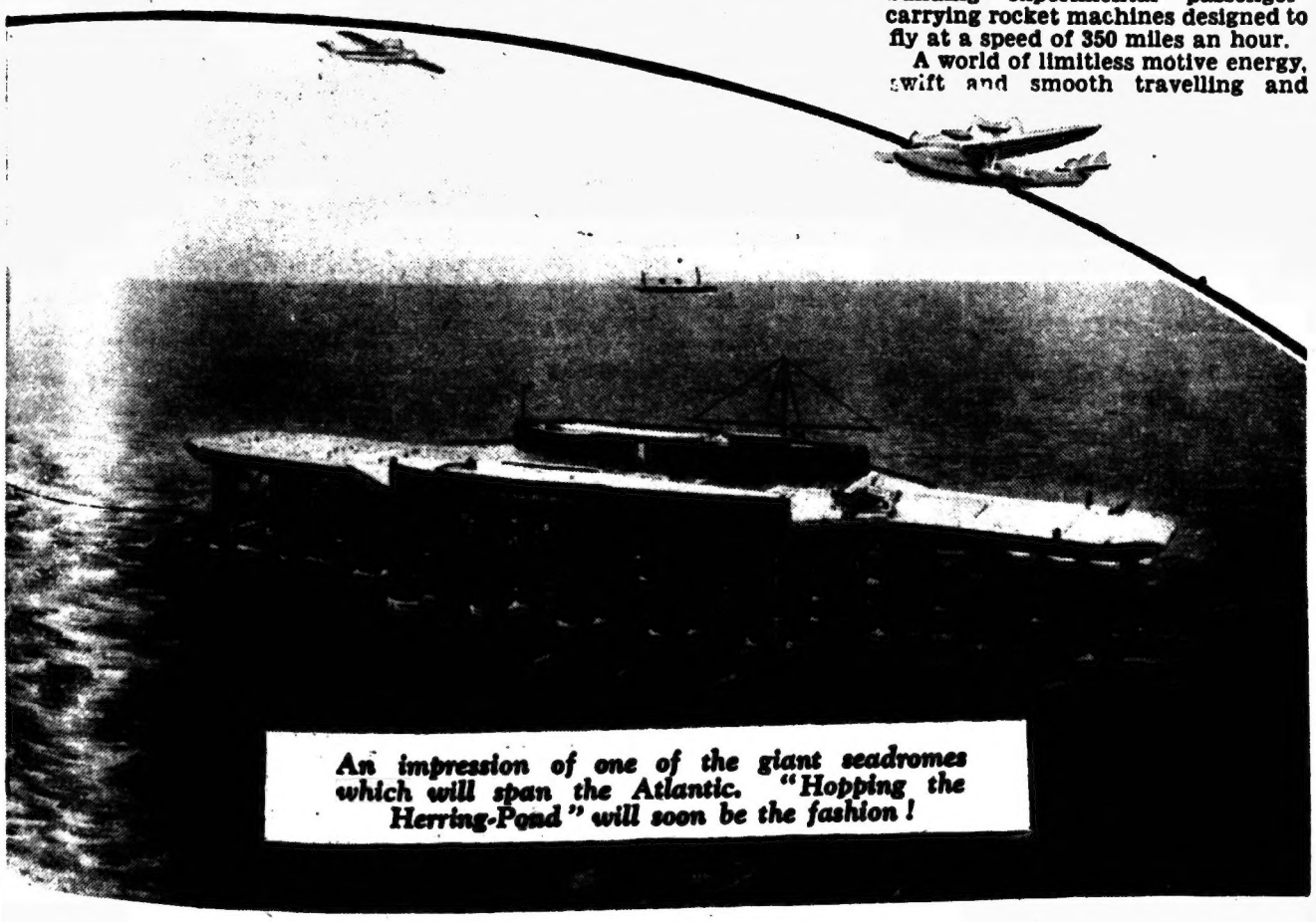
Many more discoveries might be mentioned which will certainly have far-reaching effect—for example, a new method of trebling or quadrupling crops by heating the ground electrically, which is being tested at several farms in England, and used extensively on the Continent.

The world has recently lost Thomas Edison, who in the course of his life took out 1,300 patents, representing a total value to industry of £3,000,000,000. Although we have no inventor living of Edison's calibre, the total output of invention is steadily increasing.

Amazing as has been the scientific and mechanical record of the past half-century, the next will easily outdistance it. That is certain.

Already it is possible to predict that much from the great scientific experiments that are in their infancy to-day.

But, even so, they give us only a glimmering of an idea of how inventive genius will have transformed our lives by the year 1982. The rest is beyond human powers of imagination.



An impression of one of the giant seadromes which will span the Atlantic. "Hopping the Herring-Pond" will soon be the fashion!

"Only More So—"

It takes a JOHN BULL reader to be really enthusiastic when writing about his favourite journal!

An Epping reader, who received a cheque from JOHN BULL when sickness visited his home, comments on the fact that so many people have expressed their thanks through our pages, so that anything he might say would only be a repetition.

He contents himself by saying: "The same as everyone else, but more so." We are proud to receive this tribute to our free insurance service.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SIR HARRY LAUDER

Why we all APPLAUD You

DEAR HARRY LAUDER,—

I send you, on behalf of hundreds of thousands of readers, their heartiest congratulations on your celebrating your fiftieth stage birthday.

It is incredible for those of us who know you as well as I do to realise that it was half a century ago when you first appeared on the stage at Arbroath, where, last week, you reappeared to sing again the songs which you sang there when I was a baby in arms.

You have changed since those days, as we all have—those of us who survive—but you remain what you were and what you have been all your life, a singer of clean songs, who has interpreted the soul of a nation not only to all parts of a great Empire but to an English-speaking Republic across the seas.

* * *

You were a mill boy, and now you move with princes. You have stayed at Glamis with the Duchess of York—and not sent the fact to the papers.

They say you are mean. I remember asking you the truth about that. You told me how, when you were a young singer, and you arrived in a new town on a Sunday night, you would walk round the streets for hours trying to find a room that was a shilling cheaper, so that you could send the money home to "the wife and bairn."

"Then you *get* mean," you said to me, "and you stay like it."

Then came a real Lauderism.

"And now," you went on, "whenever, in any part of the world, one man speaks to another about a third man's meanness, one of them says, 'Have you heard that new story about Harry Lauder?' It is the greatest advurrtisement in the world—and the cheapest."

I once lunched with you, very proudly, because you were going to pay! So did the Prime Minister of England. And so did Lord Weir and Sir William Noble, and all sorts of Scottish people, who all joked as much about your generosity, that day, as I did.

Sir Thomas Lipton sent a message warning you against continuing your evil ways, and we ate your food, and drank your drink, and toasted your health.

Then, at the end of it all, when the Prime Minister had made a speech about you, joking about your alleged meanness, as did everybody else, you went off to Africa, the next day, without paying the bill—the best joke of all.

I still have the menu, signed both by yourself and Ramsay MacDonald.

I could tell stories about this alleged meanness of yours by the hour. I remember, for instance, once having lunch with you and Sir Thomas Lipton and Lord Dewar, when all three of you argued after each course as to which one was going to pay for my next course.

Then, at the end of the argument, I began to understand that really it was all a great joke at my expense, and that it was the Scotsman's boast that he never gave anything away, and that all three of you were keeping it up.

Everywhere I go I meet your Scottish friends, and they all tell me stories about how they never give away money and how they keep the money that people give them.

It is Scotland's national joke.

Even if you had kept all your money—well, at least you have earned it.

In the height of the boom in stage vulgarity, years ago, you told me that in Glasgow the week before you had earned £1,319, and all of it with clean songs.

You never sang a dirty line in your life, nor used a dirty joke. And never once in your half-century of stage life have you missed an entrance. That must be a record.

In high-speed variety you seem slow; out in the great wide spaces of the world you are all supreme.

And you are a lonely man. Your son was killed. Your wife died. And then, a few weeks back, you lost her brother, Tom Vallance, who had tended you for thirty-six years.

You are even going to live, not always at your beloved Dunoon, but near Glasgow, so that you can be closer to a football-match, and a city, and your cronies.

You represent, my dear Harry, a type that is almost passing from the stage. For you are an artist who believes in his job, who does it, and who lives it.

For that reason, as well as for your honest, sterling worth, we all applaud you.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—So you have decided to follow my lead.

I protested last June that the Government's proposals for stamping out baby-farming did not go nearly far enough Some of my suggestions have been adopted, and are now law.

Though I still maintain that restrictive measures should be far stronger, I welcome your efforts to stop a foul trade which I have fought for years.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. G. WILLOUGHBY,
President, British Medical Association

DEAR SIR,—Doctors are badly trained, and many lives are lost as a result.

So famous medical men recently declared. Now a medical journal of high standing agrees and demands an enquiry.

Your association would fail in its duty to the profession—and the public—if it ignored this imperative request.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Lord President of the Council

DEAR STANLEY,—You did at least one fine thing at Ottawa.

You made it plain that Britain stands for a lowering of tariff barriers and freer trade among all countries.

Political enemies may sneer at your "Free Trade speeches," as they call them, but the mass of the people approve of the sanity of your judgment and the snubs you have administered to the rabid Protectionists.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. HOPKIN MORRIS,
Brick Court, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—In your nine years as an M.P. you have been a sturdy fighter for social reform. Your influence has been always thrown on the side of the bottom dog.

Now you have left politics to become a Metropolitan Police Magistrate I know you will discharge your duties with a sympathetic desire to make justice always accord with law.

Good luck to you in your new sphere of public service!

JOHN BULL.

FRED CABLE, London messenger boy: Congratulations on getting flying ticket at 17. Don't stop to look at things, as most messengers do.—JOHN BULL.

ALBERT EDWARD SADLER,
Grimsby

DEAR SADLER,—When you found a £5 note and cashed it, your father made you return the money, regain the note, and take it to the police.

Yet you have been sent to prison for three months for stealing by finding.

I can understand why the magistrate commended your father, but I can't imagine why he treated you so harshly in view of your attempt to make amends.

JOHN BULL.

Viscount CECIL OF CHELWOOD,
Haywards Heath, Sussex

MY LORD,—I am glad you will again be one of the British delegates to the League of Nations this month, even though you have no longer any connection with the Government.

For you are a great crusader in the cause of world disarmament and peace.

Your services are worth very much more than the out-of-pocket expenses you receive—about which a trivial question was asked in the House of Commons—and I hope that the country may long have the benefit of them.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR WALKER,
Hatfield, Herts

BRUTE,—Doctors need not tell, it seems, but bankers can be made to.

You and your wife are in jail for six months because you neglected your children. It is known you have several hundred pounds in the bank, but you cannot be made to support the children, now in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, because the bank refuses information.

However, the magistrates have just ordered this information to be given under an Act of 1879. So long as the Act is not abused, its existence should be made more widely known, if only to bring justice to such rogues as you.

JOHN BULL.

The PRISON COMMISSIONERS,
Home Office

GENTLEMEN,—That is a daring scheme of yours at Wakefield Jail. Special prisoners will be allowed to motor out, with their food in haversacks, to do open-air work for which they will be paid a small wage.

I am glad to have your assurance that the work will be the sort that would go undone in the ordinary way, and so will not displace more honest workers. See that it is, or an interesting venture might become a curse.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRED STEPHENS,
Aberdare, Glamorgan

DEAR FRED,—During your fifty years underground, you saved the lives of a large number of your workmates, heedless of personal risk.

Your bravery brought you the Edward Medal and the Royal Humane Society's and Carnegie Hero certificates.

Now you have retired. After so fine a career, you certainly deserve a rest. I hope you will long enjoy it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. SCUPHOLM,
Spilsby Council, Lincs

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You recently asked your colleagues to build eight houses to replace some huts. They reduced the number to four. Then the Ministry of Health made it two.

Yet your chairman admits that the huts are "awful places."

You must be baffled by the action of the council and the Ministry. I am.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DICK SONGHURST,
Lowestoft Beach

DEAR DICK,—You had to give the game away when you heard a cry of distress as you were working your Punch and Judy show. You dashed out of your place of hiding—and your secret was out.

Plunging into the sea, you rescued a little girl and then went back to your disillusioned audience. But I'm sure it was prouder than ever of Punch and Judy—and the man underneath.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. KATHLEEN SHORT,
Notting Hill, London, W.

DEAR MRS. SHORT,—When little Vera Page was murdered last December, you found her beret in your basement area and naturally handed it to the police.

But, for doing your duty, you have been given notice to quit. The excuse is that if you remain in the house it may be difficult to let the other flats.

There is only one word for such abominable treatment—persecution.

JOHN BULL.

ARMIES *that* WRECK NATIONS

by A. G. GARDINER

Father, mother, sister, brother—and even baby Frits give the Nazi salute. It would be ludicrous—if it were not so dangerous

THE duel between Hindenburg and Hitler has reached its crisis and the next few weeks or even days should settle the fate of the German Empire.

If Hitler wins, constitutional government in Germany is at an end and the country will be plunged into a whirlpool of revolution, the result of which it would be impossible to forecast.

But it is much more than the fate of Germany that is at stake. If Hindenburg goes down and responsible government with him, the hopes of getting the European system on to its legs again will vanish, too.

We cannot be indifferent spectators of the duel, for we shall be involved in the consequences only less deeply than Germany. That is my excuse for attempting to explain it and to forecast the issue.

And, in the first place, let me stress the warning which the civil war in Germany offers to us and to every other civilised country. It is the warning of the danger of allowing the traffic in arms and the propaganda of violence to get out of hand.

Firebrand's chance

The disarmament of Germany had one fatal consequence. It left the State with very limited means of preserving internal order, and it gave the political hotheads the opportunity of resorting to violent means to achieve their ends.

Kapp first tried to overthrow the Republic by force of arms. Then Ludendorff and others were involved in a desperate adventure which came to naught.

But much the most formidable armed attack on the Republic is that which has found its focus in the scatter-brained personality of Hitler.

This voluble Austrian artisan, with his tooth-brush moustache and his astonishing gift of the gab, has become the lightning conductor of all the discontents and miseries of Germany.

Without a trace of Mussolini's genius for action, he has set himself to imitate the methods which made Mussolini master of Italy. He has organised an army of militant "Brown Shirts" throughout Germany, and has made it an instrument of terrorism that fills the land with fear and panic.

For months past something like civil war has raged all over the country, with special violence in States like Brunswick.

Fierce faction fights with knives and revolvers have been of weekly, almost daily, occurrence, and the killed and wounded are numbered by the hundred and the thousand.

The streets have run with blood. Houses have been broken into, and half-awakened men have been butchered in the midst of their families.

Here a man is called to the door and shot dead on opening it. There a café or a dwelling-house has been bombed, regardless of the lives of women, children or neutrals.

The Communists have armed themselves, too, and if their murders are fewer it is only because their numbers are fewer and their organisation less well equipped.

Now, it is clear that a State delivered over to armed mobs is a State delivered over to destruction. And I repeat that the case of Germany is a warning of which other countries will do well to take notice.

Ireland, in particular. No one can watch without the gravest alarm the growth there of the same menace that has brought Germany to the brink of civil war.

There, as in Germany, the Free State army, small and not too efficient, is confronted by an armed I.R.A., which, since the fall of the Cosgrave Ministry, has become the most formidable power in the State.

And now a third political confederacy, armed also, and under military leadership, is being mobilised to complicate the situation.

Hindenburg's blunder

If this situation is permitted, how long will it be before the guns go off in real earnest, and Ireland, like Germany, be plunged into civil war?

That by the way. I do not think it can be doubted that Hindenburg made a fatal blunder when he threw over his Chancellor, Bruening, who staked his all by ordering the disbandment of the "Brown Shirts."

He realised that the Republic and constitutional government could not survive under the challenge of an armed political force. Either the "Brown Shirts" had to surrender to the State or the State would have to surrender to the "Brown Shirts."

Hindenburg thought that he could rope Hitler into his scheme of government and draw the teeth of his "Brown Shirts" by making them subordinate to the Government instead of a revolutionary menace. He made a mistake.

It is a mistake which President De Valera will do well to ponder on. He, too, by giving the I.R.A. a free hand, hoped to make them his instrument. Instead, he is in danger of becoming theirs.

So far from Hitler having been bribed by seeing Bruening thrown to the dogs and his own "Brown Shirts" reinstated, he has put up his price.

He has claimed the dictatorship of Germany. He demands the Chancellorship and absolute power to do what he will. He will accept nothing short of the power of Mussolini, with Hindenburg in the humble role to which King Victor has been reduced in Italy.

And having turned down Hindenburg's offer to him of office under the Chancellorship of Von Papen, he has now declared war on the Government, which has had the audacity through the courts to sentence to death five "Brown Shirts" convicted of a brutal murder.

In other words, he claims for his "Brown Shirts" the right to murder any political opponent they choose, and dares the Government to dispute that right.

What will he do?

Hindenburg is on the horns of a dreadful dilemma. If he surrenders and admits the privilege of the "Brown Shirts" to murder whom they please, his Government is morally dead and Hitler is the uncrowned King of Germany.

If he stands firm on that monstrous issue, he cannot look to his Parliament to support him. For in that Parliament this Von Papen Government has practically no following, apart from the small party of monarchist nationalists.

Hitler's Nazis are against him at one extreme, the Communists at the other. And the Centre Party has not forgiven him for dismissing Bruening, while the Socialists are furious at his appointment of Von Papen, his chief Minister.

What will Hindenburg do? Perhaps the question should be, What has he done? For events are moving with tremendous rapidity, and may have taken shape before these lines appear.

I think it is clear what he should do. I hate dictatorships; but here there is no alternative. Parliamentary government has broken down and cannot be restored until the present crisis is passed.

A dictatorship of some form there must be. And the question is, Hindenburg or Hitler? Hindenburg, as the elected President, is entitled to the power, and no one in his senses, inside or outside Germany, can fail to hope that he will stand firm.

And, as dictator, his first and supreme task will be to disband the political armies, Nazi and Communist alike, that are making shipwreck of a once great nation.

Not from the B.B.C.—*The Governor of the Bank of England confesses that he is—*

Anything but Montagu!

HUSH, hush! Not a word,
Not a sound must be heard,
Not a hint of my name or
my hist'ry!
Nor my eminent rank
As the boss of the Bank—
All this must be kept a dark myst'ry!

Though I travel incog.,
Tireless journalists dog
My steps on my journeys erratic;
For the hat that I wear
And my beard have an air
Intriguingly melodramatic.

In my brigand-like cape
I try hard to escape,
Disguised as some humble or poor man;
I take a new name,
But my tactics proclaim
To the world that I'm Montagu Norman!

It is really a most exhausting business being Governor of the Bank of England in an age when the movements of financiers are regarded with more suspicion than an ordinary policeman would bestow upon a masked man, with a jemmy protruding from his pocket, slinking along a suburban street after midnight.

Some critics assert that if I am an object of suspicion to the American Press it is my own fault, because of my habit of going about like a conspirator wondering where he can hide the body. Why, they ask, whenever I cross the Atlantic, ostensibly for a quiet holiday, do I change my name?

I admit that on two recent occasions I have assumed the aliases of "Mr. Montagu" and "Mr. Collet," but each time something or other—possibly my admittedly picturesque appearance—gave me away.

This time I decided to assume an alias which would account for my air of distinction without revealing my real identity, so I called myself "Professor Clarence Skinner."

But apparently I don't really look as if I had been born "Clarence," for as soon as I set foot in New York the Press announced my arrival.

In fact, some Americans, with anxious eyes on the Gold Reserve, discern a sinister significance in my choice of the name of "Skinner."

While Yankee Pressmen are describing me as a "tall, lean, black-hatted Don Quixote," and accusing me of "mischief-making with an air of romance," various people in England are also uncomfortable.

They have never noticed, they assert, that my invasions of America have worn the appearance of a "Norman conquest," and they are fearful lest my latest jaunt should presage a return to the Gold Standard or yet another concession to our "Uncle" Sam.

Needless to say, I do not intend to satisfy curiosity on this or other points; for, robbed of my aura of mystery, I would be like a ghost deprived of its white sheet.

Fortunately, the public is not likely to be told the truth about me—at any rate, not until the Silly Season is over. So, for the time at least, I can continue to twinkle like a star in a mystery movie.

Twinkle, twinkle, Montagu!
How I wonder what you'd do
If somebody should reveal
What you labour to conceal!
Then the Press would be too bored
Your quaint flittings to record.
What a painful day 'twill be
When the comic truth they see:
That your secret none can guess,
Since no secret you possess.
For, despite sly nods and winks,
You're an imitation Sphinx!

Woman BRANDED with MURDER

FOR more than four months an elderly woman, living alone in a remote English village, has been shunned by almost all who know her because she has been publicly put under the suspicion of having committed murder.

She is innocent.

By sheer accident, the clearest evidence was found *six weeks ago* to dissociate her completely from any part in the supposed crime.

The evidence has been in the possession of the police for all that time and has been verified by them in every particular.

But the police, who, it is now apparent, blundered terribly in the case, have so far kept the secret of the vital new evidence to themselves.

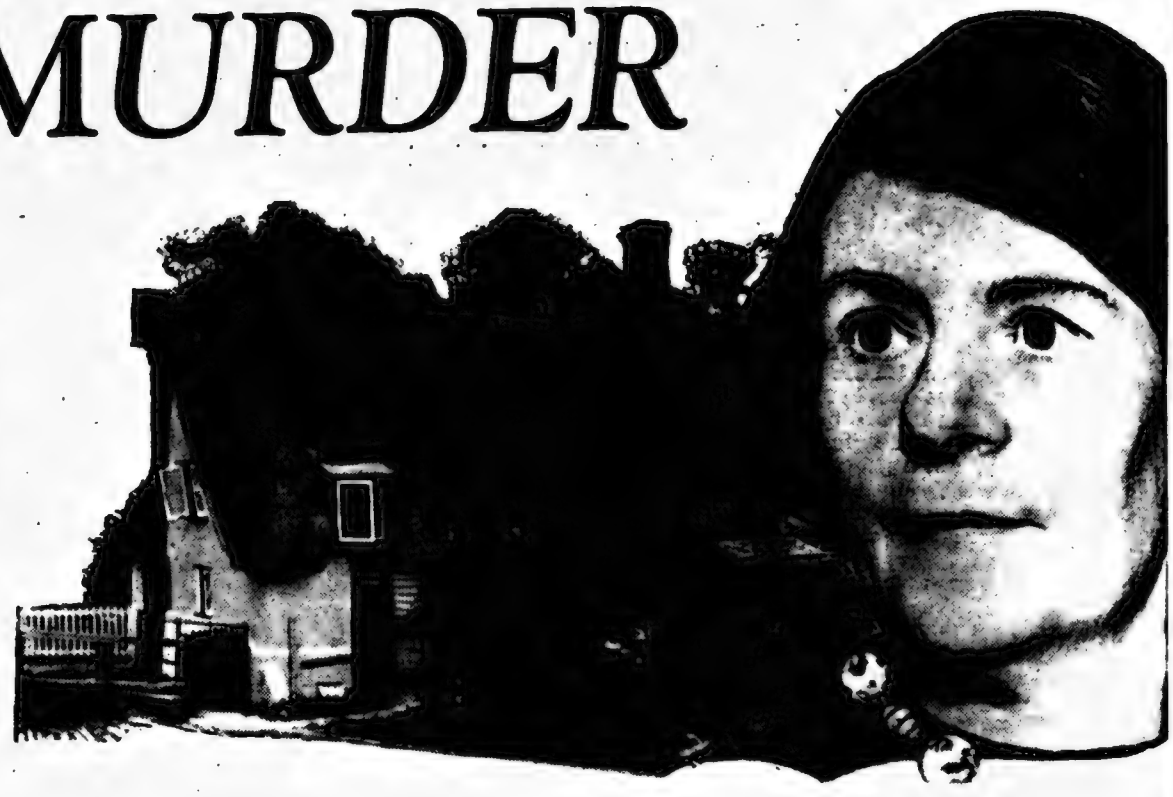
JOHN BULL, however, has discovered this secret, and we consider ourselves justified in revealing it so that the branded woman may have her good name restored to her.

Our disclosure inevitably reveals the stupid mismanagement of the affair by the authorities.

The case, which aroused widespread interest in the early summer, was one of the strangest poisoning mysteries of recent years.

It involved the death of Mr. Harry Watson, a fifty-two-year-old artist, who lived by himself in a picturesque old cottage in the Arcadian village of Moulton, a few miles from Newmarket.

Watson was an artist of some repute, and as his best ability was shown in animal studies, he had found wide scope for it for thirteen years in the Newmarket district, portraying celebrated racehorses with brush and camera.



THE artist, Harry Watson, and Brookside Cottage, where the poison has been found. The police have the evidence which alone can establish the innocence of Mrs. Becker (inset)

The recluse

Separated for long from his wife and family, he had come to be regarded as a recluse, and for many years his chief interest, outside his professional work, was the elaborate decoration of the interior of the thatched cottage which was his lonely home.

Twenty yards from the cottage and connected with it by a field-path is a bungalow occupied by Mrs. Helen Becker, who also lives alone and upon a legacy left to her by her employer, the late Sir Ernest Cassel. She was cook at the famous Moulton Paddocks, and when the present King, King Edward and the ex-Kaiser were in residence there she was responsible for the preparation of the royal meals.

One evening last April Mr. Watson, in his night attire, was found dead in bed in Mrs. Becker's bungalow.

A riot of fantastic rumour, which has since been disproved piece by piece, followed the discovery. The inquest proceedings, which lasted nearly a month, were given much publicity, and for long afterwards the newspaper crime reporters were camped in the neighbourhood awaiting expected sensational developments.

Watson had died from the effects of cyanide of potassium, of which deadly poison he had swallowed much more than a fatal dose in liquid form.

A small bottle . . .

Mrs. Becker's statement, made to the police on the night of the tragedy and repeated at the inquest, was that it had been her custom occasionally to cook an evening meal in her bungalow for the artist.

On the night of his death, dressed in his usual clothes, he came to her house with a piece of steak and asked if she would grill it. She told him to return for it in twenty minutes.

Before the meal was ready, she saw the strange spectacle of Watson, wearing his night-shirt and unlaced boots, coming along the garden path. She said he was reeling as if he were drunk and appeared to be at the point of fainting.

At the bungalow door he exclaimed "I am bad," and collapsed.

Mrs. Becker then saw that he held in his hand a small bottle, unlabelled and uncorked, containing a little colourless fluid. (This was afterwards proved to be cyanide of potassium solution.)

His love letters

The woman next told how she assisted the man into her room, laid him on the bed, and pulled off his boots. When he did not speak or show any sign of returning to consciousness, after she forced whisky and milk between his lips, she called help from the village inn, which is behind the bungalow, and a doctor, nurse and policeman were summoned.

Watson was then dead.

Other facts which emerged from the enquiry were that for a month before his death Watson had been receiving only half-salary from a firm with which he was professionally associated, and, for the first time in thirteen years, had taken a day off work on the date he died.

One witness said there had been a great change in his manner in the previous two weeks and that he had become "insolent."

A number of love letters addressed to Watson from different women in distant parts of the country were found.

These had allusions to his long separation from his wife, divorce, and suggestions that the writers could share his life and home.

Before his death, his entanglements with these women had become known to his wife.

But the whole case hinged on whether or not Watson had ever bought poison and if it had actually ever been in his possession. None could be found by the police in his cottage.

The coroner adjourned the inquest to allow the police to continue widespread enquiries into this aspect of the affair.

In the end the police reported *that the investigation had been carried to every chemist's shop in four counties*—Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire, including the Isle of Ely—*and there was no evidence that Watson had ever purchased poison in recent years.*

The coroner told his jury that, if they believed the whole of Mrs. Becker's story, they would have to find that Watson took his own life.

But the jury did not accept Mrs. Becker's version of the circumstances of the tragedy. They returned an open verdict, declaring that the evidence was not sufficient to show how the poison had been administered.

That was four months ago, and since then Mrs. Becker has borne the brand of Cain, as plainly as if it had been put upon her in the felon's dock.

For nearly forty years she has lived in the Newmarket district and formed a host of friends. One by one they have deserted her.

Ostracised

She is passed by in the streets and ignored at every turn; little children even have been told to avoid her. Her ostracism is complete. Everywhere she has seen the accusing finger. To-day she is on the verge of nervous prostration.

Only one set of circumstances could have proved her innocent—that Watson bought or possessed cyanide of potassium or that any of the poison was or had been in his own cottage.

If there had been the slightest evidence produced to establish any of these things, the jury would have had no option but to find that Watson died by his own hand, either suicidally or accidentally.

That evidence does exist—evidence as clear and complete and irrefutable as has ever been found in any poison case.

And the police are keeping it to themselves.

Six weeks ago some workmen were making the dead man's cottage ready for a new occupier.

One of them, exploring a recess below the stairway, found a brick loose and removed it.

From the cavity he took out a large medicine bottle, with a poison label, about half-full of crystals.

It was easy for the police to trace the origin of the bottle from the label.

It came from the shop of an old-established chemist in the principal street of Newmarket.

Clear her name!

A rapid test proved that the contents of the bottle were cyanide of potassium.

The chemist's register showed that Watson had bought the poison there twenty months before his death, and the dead man's name was bold and clear in the poison book!

The evidence for which the police had scoured every chemist's shop over 6,000 square miles of country was under their noses all the time as plain as a pikestaff.

The chemist's shop at which Watson obtained the poison is not only the nearest one to his cottage. It is the nearest one to the police headquarters from which the search across four counties was directed—within hailing distance in fact.

Why have the police not openly announced the discovery of this, the most important evidence in the case? They have certainly had long enough and had every facility to do so.

We demand, as the most common justice, that action be taken without delay so that Mrs. Becker's character shall be officially cleared before the world.

This suffering woman's torture must be ended, even if in the process the detective work of the police is not likely to be commended.

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs KNOCKS—

Sumatra—on the fringe of the jungle. Is it an El Dorado?

The Bottom Out OF A GOLD MINE Offer

MY attention has recently been drawn to an effort to sell shares in a gold-mining venture.

The concessions which it is proposed to exploit are situated in the interior of the Island of Sumatra, in the Dutch East Indies.

Among the attractively printed literature advocating this enterprise is a document that at first sight might easily be taken for an official company prospectus.

On examination, however, I find that it is nothing of the kind, but is merely a glowing picture of the wonderful prospects held out to investors.

This strange document, which is undated and marked "Private and confidential," is apparently designed to convey the impression that the shares are offered directly by a company called the Howie Gold Mines, Ltd.

Into the coffers

It would also appear that the cash so subscribed would go into the coffers of the company to provide the working capital of which it undoubtedly stands in need.

The company, this seeming prospectus states, owns the whole of the share capital of the N.V. Exploratie Maatschappij "Java," a company registered at The Hague. The latter concern has acquired the mining rights over two extensive gold-mining properties in the Island of Sumatra.

It then goes on to elaborate the richness of these properties. The Palangki Concession, the reader is told, is located on the "well-known Palangki River, which has a record for producing gold by the natives in their primitive fashion, for upwards of 200 years."

Systematic prospecting by drilling, pitting and otherwise testing and sampling, in definite available areas of upwards of 8,000,000 cubic yards of gravel, has proved it to have an average value of 2s. per cubic yard.

Marco's example

Working costs, it further adds, including all normal renewals of dredge-gear, should not exceed 4d. per yard.

This gravel is evidently something very different from the "pay dirt" the old miners sought so diligently.

Not content with this glowing report, this prospectus-like document delves into history. Marco Polo, it reminds us, during his world wanderings in the thirteenth century, discovered the auriferous wealth of Sumatra.

It seems a little strange to find the romantic Marco Polo quoted in the publicity of a gold-mining venture in this prosaic age, but in this connection it may not be amiss to point out that whatever he thought of Sumatra's buried wealth, he wisely decided to leave it alone.

Closer investigation of this literature with its lavish and convincing reports reveals several interesting facts.

I can find no mention, for instance, of the history of Howie Gold Mines, Ltd.

This company, I have discovered, was founded as far back as 1896. And it was then formed, not to exploit this El Dorado of the lower China Seas, but to take over mines in North Carolina!

The American venture did not apparently call up much enthusiasm, for the company has lain derelict and dormant almost ever since.

Twelve years after its formation the secretary of the Howie Gold Mines, Ltd., declared that the company never acquired any property nor issued any working capital shares.

Three years later he declared that the property and assets under the agreement for sale had not yet been acquired and that it had no other assets, no liabilities and no auditors. Many people must surely have wondered what it *did* have.

About 1928 this derelict company suddenly became galvanised into a semblance of life. Its shares, which were originally for £1, were broken up into shares of 5s. each, but its nominal capital of £400,000 remained the same.

It acquired these Sumatra concessions and its issued capital is now £300,000. These concessions, however, appear to be its only asset.

Nor is that all that is revealed on enquiry. At the date of its last published balance-sheet, in June, 1930, it was in debt to the sum of £1,588!

My investigations further reveal that the present offer is being made not by the company itself.

The secretary of the Howie Gold Mines, Ltd., has heard that there is a move on foot to raise capital, but he is not officially aware that its shares are being thus offered for sale.

This present move appears to emanate from a firm called Reilly and Co., of Dorland House, Lower Regent Street, London.

But whose or what shares are being offered for sale, it is very difficult to determine.

It is also difficult to discover what will happen to the money paid at par for these shares.

Will it go to developing these Sumatra concessions? Or will it merely have the effect of transferring old shares to new investors?

The Sumatra concessions, too, although supposed to lie in such rich gold-bearing lands have, strangely enough, not yet been worked.

The Dutch company has apparently held them for a number of years without bothering to wrest this great wealth from the golden gravel! Surely an extraordinary lack of enterprise!

Is it not curious, in the face of the engineers' reports with which this literature is so liberally sprinkled, that the Dutch company should prefer to dispose of such valuable concessions to a concern which for nearly thirty years has been little more than a name?

This attitude hardly supports the enthusiasm of the literature that Messrs. Reilly and Co. are issuing, complete with prospectus-like document and maps on which the concessions are underlined in gold, for the purpose, presumably, of stressing their gold-bearing wealth.

Very peculiar

Who then are Reilly and Co., who are so anxious to dispose of shares in this wonderful wealth-producing venture?

I find that they have not even troubled to comply with the formality of registering under the Business Names Act, and my information is that they are simply a small firm of commission agents.

The whole circumstances surrounding this attempt to dispose of these shares strike me as decidedly peculiar.

I can only advise those of my readers who may be favoured with this literature to leave the reaping of the rich harvest to the company that has waited so many years for this so-called golden opportunity.

Amazing as all this literature is, I am still more surprised to find such distinguished names as those of Lord Wester Wemyss, Dr. William Cullen and Major W. A. Wills quoted on the queer prospectus-like document.

Surely these gentlemen and their colleagues, quoted as directors of the Howie Gold Mines, Ltd., cannot possibly be aware that their names are being associated with the offer I have described.

Doubtless, now that their attention is drawn to the matter, they will lose no time in placing an authentic statement of their company's position before the public.

The CROSSWORD Crook

A ROGUE of many parts, whose latest rôle is that of a £1,000 crossword prize-winner, is at present touring various provincial towns and claiming fresh victims in every place he visits.

The most recent news of him comes from Sheffield, where he has just staged a very neat swindle.

His chief victim is the proprietor of a wholesale establishment, whose confidence he gained by requesting a personal interview "to discuss a business proposition of considerable importance."

At the interview he explained that he had just acquired the lease of a large hotel on the outskirts of the town, and he announced his intention of carrying out numerous revolutionary changes in its administration.

He gave his name as Mr. Arthur Weston, and in appearance he looked like a prosperous business man.

Leading the wholesaler to believe that large consignments of miscellaneous goods would be shortly required, he placed a generous trial order for stocks of cigarettes and tobacco of all brands.

These, he said, were required at once, so he would take it as a special favour if a messenger could be despatched with them that same morning.

* * *

But Mr. Weston was too clever to leave anything to chance. While his order was being checked he showed signs of great elation, and, in a burst of confidence, declared that his arrival in Sheffield had been heralded by a happy omen, as he had received notification that he had won a £1,000 crossword prize outright.

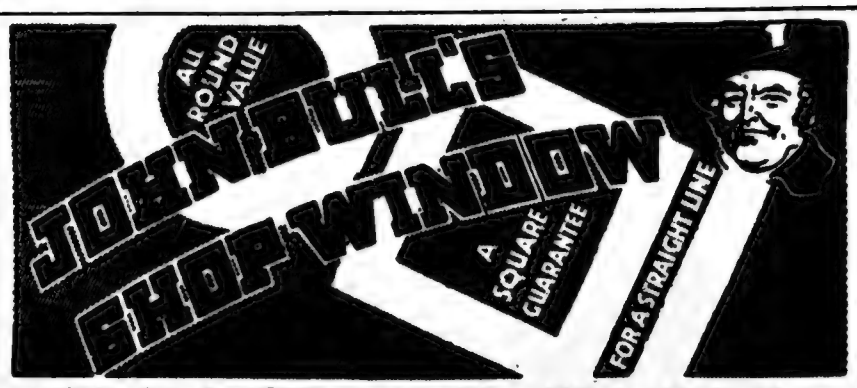
He proudly displayed correspondence which seemed to confirm this assertion, and left the shop with the wholesaler's warm congratulations.

In the belief that a distinguished new customer had been obtained, the cigarettes and tobacco were promptly made into a parcel and a messenger was despatched at once to deliver it at the hotel.

But, to the wholesaler's surprise, the messenger came back long before he was expected, and on being questioned innocently explained that Mr. Weston had met him before he could reach the hotel and had kindly offered to relieve him of the parcel and so save him "an unnecessary journey."

His suspicions at once aroused, the wholesaler telephoned through to the hotel and learnt with dismay that the distinguished Mr. Weston was unknown there except as the subject of countless compaints from defrauded traders.

The present whereabouts of this trickster are unknown, but complaints which have arisen in other quarters show that he is very active and passes variously in the names of Bradshaw and Roberts.



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Hounded from Hearth and Home

PRIVATE landlords who behave ruthlessly towards their tenants have always had their sternest criticism from JOHN BULL.

But the worst offenders might be conceded to stand high in the moral scale compared with certain local councils which own the housing estates that have been developed in or around every town since the war.

Every day brings us new evidence from some part of the country of the merciless treatment which civic landlords are giving to the occupiers of their houses who, because of unemployment or sickness, fall slightly into arrears with their rents.

Immediate eviction of the tenants and their families, without the provision of any kind of alternative accommodation, has become the rule as soon as arrears accumulate for a week or two and amount to only thirty or forty shillings.

This severity is part of the policy, which JOHN BULL has revealed and condemned, of many councils to get rid of working-class tenants altogether from the houses which were built for them, and to reserve the dwellings for well-to-do-people.

But if councils generally are severe or merciless, the city council of Rochester, Kent, can only be described as savage.

Nowhere in our records of inhuman treatment of tenants by landlords is there a case to equal one in which the Rochester Council has been persecuting a local ratepayer, Mr. Norman Hazell.

It is a story of sheer barbarism.

The Hazell family—victims of a savage council

Rebuffs

Hazell is married and has three children.

On leaving the Army seven years ago, after service in the Royal Engineers, he had to live in furnished rooms with his family because the Rochester Housing Committee refused him accommodation.

Later the local council built more houses, and when Hazell renewed his application he was told to produce his rent-book. He did so, and it showed that he had never owed a penny.

But the book containing his landlord's receipts happened to be just an ordinary domestic accounts book, and the council representatives declared that he might have forged the entries.

They made no effort to establish the genuineness of the rent-book, and turned down his claim to a house without more ado.

Because of the conditions under which the family was then compelled to live, one of Hazell's children died, and the public health authorities ordered other accommodation to be found.

Still the Rochester Council would not grant him a tenancy. It was letting its houses largely to people of the "official" class or only to those with substantial and assured incomes. Although Hazell was officially told that his case was not sufficiently deserving, one of the houses was actually given to a man who was not even married!

Then the Hazell's family doctor intervened, and his representations to the Housing Committee were so definite that it could no longer, for shame's sake, dispute the right of a working man to occupy a council house.

But certain individuals never seemed to forget that their autocracy had been challenged. If they wanted revenge, they have now had it in full measure.

A few months ago, following an accident and subsequent unemployment, Mr. Hazell was not fully able to pay his weekly rent of 13s. 7d., and became £2 13s. in arrears with rent and rates.

Surely, it may be thought, this did not represent too great a risk for a municipality, in the capacity of landlords, to bear, particularly as it was obvious that Mr. and Mrs. Hazell were struggling desperately to reduce the small debt.

Here, however, was an opportunity for the Rochester Housing Committee snobs to clear out a working-class tenant and to put someone in more affluent circumstances into the house he had occupied for three years. They served Hazell with a notice to quit.

A bright ray

Just before he was due to leave, with nowhere except the workhouse to take his wife and children, new hope dawned for Hazell. A local tradesman, learning of his plight and the threat to his home, found him work.

Hazell went to the town hall to beg for a reprieve, and, as a token of his intention to pay off the £2 13s. owing, he took with him 13s., *which had been realised that day by selling all the blankets in his home.*

As he stood on the stairway of the municipal offices waiting to be received, the poor fellow collapsed under a heart attack induced by the strain and worry he had endured.

When he recovered, he was seen by the mayor and town clerk, to whom he proffered the 13s. he carried.

So touched were his listeners when they heard how the money had been obtained that they decided to pay the balance of £2, the town clerk offering to give 10s. from his pocket and the mayor the remainder from his fund.

Hazell was instructed to attend a meeting of the Housing Committee next day.

Verge of starvation

He did so; but the committee declined to accept the arrangement, although it had not the slightest cause for complaint against Hazell as a tenant, except that he owed this small sum.

The committee blandly ignored the gross insult it was casting upon the kindness of the mayor and the principal officer of the city. The hostility to Hazell plainly showed that it was his house that was wanted for some purpose, and that his slight and unavoidable default in paying the rent was only a pretext to gain that end.

A few days later Hazell was served with a summons to appear in the county court to hear an application on behalf of the council for possession of his house.

Before the hearing of the case Hazell and his family went with scarcely any food for days, and forty-eight hours before going to court he had paid off the arrears of rent, leaving only 16s. 7d. of rates owing.

A representative of the Royal Engineers' Old Comrades' Association attended the court proceedings and offered to pay the Rochester Council any money which was still owing.

Council's brutality

The council's representative declined to accept the offer, and when he pressed for an order for possession the judge had no option but to grant it.

Hazell and his family are now awaiting eviction. And an official of the council has informed him that when he and his children are turned out his furniture will be seized to discharge the council's legal costs of £1 18s. incurred in securing the possession order.

No private landlord was ever guilty of such hideous brutality as this public body.

We cannot believe, now that the truth has been told, that the citizens of Rochester will countenance the iniquity of allowing the Hazell family to be cast into the street.

MONSTROUS COUNCIL HOUSE SCANDAL

FADE-AWAY QUACK

A TRAVELLING specialist, calling himself Mr. Geoffrey Plant, and setting the mystic letters "P.M.E." after his name, is touring the country on a mission of mercy.

He says he can cure rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, gout, neurasthenia and all nervous ills, and he is willing to place his services within reach of the poorest of the poor.

What is his secret? For all sufferers he prescribes the use of "Plant's Electro-Magnetic Radiator."

In Sittingbourne, Kent, recently, he was selling a mild form of this patent device at 1s., but safeguarding himself by telling his "patients" that they might possibly find that it brought only a certain amount of benefit without effecting a perfect cure.

If they found that, he declared, it simply meant that the electro-magnetic radiator was not powerful enough for their particular case, and in that event he strongly advised the trial of "the special full strength" device at 3s. 6d.

Of course, allowance would be made for the 1s. already expended, so it would only be necessary to send 2s. 6d. to him at his chief consulting-room at 26, Nelson Road, Chatham, Kent, and a "beautiful instrument" would be sent post free by return.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the 1s. radiators are trumpery wire bangles, with no valuable properties.

* * *

But sufferers will try any fresh treatment that offers the slightest ray of hope, and, naturally, finding no benefit resulting from wearing this device, they nearly all rise to the second bait and send 2s. 6d. for the "stronger" radiator.

Numerous trusting invalids have responded in this way, only to find their hopes cruelly shattered.

They have received nothing at all for their money, and now the postal authorities are being kept busy returning their protesting letters because Mr. Geoffrey Plant, "P.M.E.," has gone away, leaving no address.

Next Week — "John Bull's" Great Surprise

Souvenir Offer

to Every Reader

IN next week's issue you, as a reader of "John Bull," will be invited to accept a Souvenir that will astonish and delight you.

Just exactly what it is you will learn from next week's "John Bull," but this we can tell you now—it's worth a guinea—and it's something that you'll treasure for a lifetime.

The demand for next week's issue containing full details of this wonder offer will break all records. Don't run the risk of disappointment.

If your newsagent has not already got an order from you for "John Bull" each week—

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

These are DA

—by the—
HEADMASTER
of an
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,
in a tour of inspection of his higher classes with
Maurice Fagence

LIBELS on the boys of to-day are becoming so frequent that it is high time somebody contradicted them.

It has become the fashion at educational conference after conference for some oracle to get up and hold forth on the shortcomings of the younger generation. So much so that one would think our schools are filled with good-for-nothings, if one believed all the wiseacres say.

But don't believe it. Just come round my school with me and see for yourself these boys who are supposed to prefer loitering at street corners to a real job of work. Hear their stories and judge for yourself whether they are the weak creatures, without spine or ambition, that their detractors make them out to be.

It was easy of these critics of theirs to win good positions for themselves in those years of golden opportunity before the war. Now they enhance their easy-won reputations by constant vilification of these lads who face harder times and more bitter struggles to get started in life than any generation that has gone before them.

Bitterest Fight

So bad, they say, are our boys, that the country is becoming decadent. And unfortunately they have plenty of material in the shape of unemployment figures, statistics of boys who have sunk into crime after years of unemployment, and details of lads who have reached the age of twenty without doing a day's work to suggest that there is ample confirmation.

In their day boys fought hard for their opportunities, they say. Isn't it possible that the boys of to-day are fighting even more sternly—for opportunities that seldom exist? . . .

* * *

But here we are at Standard Seven.

Yes, about a couple of score of them will be leaving school soon. I don't suppose two of them will get fixed up in the line of work they have dreamt about. Perhaps a quarter of them will get jobs of one sort or another.

You noticed how those boys pricked up their ears when they heard us discussing jobs? They are all like that, these modern boys.

They are pathetically wistful when it comes to hearing anything concerning their future welfare. They hang on to every word that concerns their chance of getting a job. They realise—as boys in the old days never did—what a hard fight lies ahead of them.

Many of them seem to get an inferiority complex months before the time comes for them to leave school. They know so many brilliant lads who have never been able to get started. They find it hard to believe that any employer living will be fool enough to pay them a real Treasury note every week.

A terrible frame of mind for a young lad.

Unconscious irony at the employment exchange doors: "Please don't arrive here before your time," they say, while . . .

Not a Chance

You see the boy sitting in front of the partition—the dark boy with a sweep of hair over his right eye and a sort of blend of daring and impudence in his face. . . . He should get that hair cut, by the way.

There's the sort of boy of whom newspapers have written headlines like "From Pit to 'Varsity." That boy should go to a secondary school. He would have had no difficulty in winning a scholarship—in fact, there's no knowing how far his ability may carry him without the help of money.

But he will not get a finishing education. It's absolutely out of the question.

I don't mean that economies in education have made it impossible for a boy as clever as he to get a scholarship.

Although the London County Council has closed altogether one secondary school it intended to enlarge, increased the fees to polytechnics, technical institutes, schools of art, trade schools, day continuation schools and evening institutes, and even stopped the supply of school prizes in the interests of economy, scholarship facilities have not been seriously affected in London as they have in many parts of the country.

What I mean is that that boy has a father and two brothers out of work, and that a job as errand boy is something much more worth while winning to the boy who loves his family than is any scholarship.

Before the war it would have been different. But there it is—and it's an awful shame.

Let us ask some of these lads what they want to be. Their answers will surprise you.

There's this boy. He has a wonderful head for figures. Before the war it would have been ten to one that he would have turned out to be an accountant. We'll ask him. . . . Tell this gentleman what you would like to be, Leslie.

(Leslie reddened. "I don't know, sir," he confessed.)

You see.

And here is a lad who would be a very valuable acquisition in any office—hard-working, thorough and very reliable. Absolutely tireless. . . . Tell the gentleman what you would like to be, Stanley.

(Stanley just dodged the question. "My brother's got a job in a wireless shop," he said. "I wouldn't mind if I was as lucky as that.")

Then there's Albert here, born in South Africa before his father lost a good job on a plantation and came home to live in drab side-streets.

Seeing the world early has widened Albert's outlook. He has personality beyond anything you expect to find in a boy of his age and a capacity for learning far beyond his years. He was born to manage men. . . . What would you like to be, Albert?

("Dad says whatever job I get I must decide to do it well," said Albert.)

Well, what do you make of all that? That boys ought to be able to make up their minds earlier, so that they can finish their schooldays with something in the way of vocational training that will help them along the road they have chosen. Pardon my saying so, but I knew you would say that. Everybody does.

Now, think of this. Those boys *have* made up their minds. But they daren't say so. They would expect me to laugh at them. They know I realise that they may never be more than van boys—and boys haven't got the courage to tell of their dreams if they seem to be unattainable.

It's very hard for lads to leave school nowadays with their dreams intact.

* * *

Here's a lad who has really confessed his ambition. Wants to be a railway engineer, with great locomotives in his keeping. His work here, the models he has brought for me to see, and little things told to me by his father, show that it is a very wise choice.

Yet think. The railways are cutting staffs. They are certainly not adding to them. And he can't wait.

Take the first job that comes is the new rule of life. The employment exchange and the people who carry out the means test demand it.

He Can't Choose

And so a boy's parents will scrape and scrape to give him an engineering course—only to see him pushed into an office boy's chair, if he is lucky enough to get a job at all.

Not only has the opportunity of choosing a career gone. The right to choose has disappeared as well. Perhaps it can't be helped. But at least let us recognise the fact when we call our boys spineless people without an ambition.

* * *

You would guess that that boy was a good artist, wouldn't you? There

RK DAYS *for* BRIGHT BOYS

. . . Youth is clamouring to get at grips with its life's work. Are these eager youngsters leaving school to discover that their place in a world where every job is filled is only at the end of the "dole" queue?

was a day when he would have walked straight from school to make a start in some commercial art studio.

To-day? Well, I am afraid his ambitions will merely handicap him for a time in getting a manual job, and then, when his muscles become harder and his fingers are not so supple, it will come easier to hold such a job, and his real ambition will be a thing of the past.

One day he will tell his family: "I was pretty lively with the pencil myself, once." And because they will think he was only made to wield the pick, they won't believe him.

* * *

The modern boy lacks a spirit of adventure, we are told. Well, have a good look round. I am bound to admit it is true. Even that sturdy lad over there with the face of a Viking—why, there isn't a trace of adventure in him.

For one thing, boys to-day realise, even before they leave school, that Life is going to be a bread-and-cheese affair, with no room for idle dreams of sailing the high seas and exploring strange lands.

Dead Adventure

Then, again, they live in a world different altogether from the one we knew when we were boys.

The old world is dead—buried with its great explorers, colonisers and pioneers.

To-day the Pole is touched by aeroplane or airship—and the next day a monetary crisis takes its place in the papers. Jungles and deserts are conquered in a few hours—and in a few hours the feat is forgotten.

These boys don't know what it is to watch Scott and Shackleton struggling on through two terrible winters towards the unattainable, as we remember it.

What is there left to thrill them? Well, there's a machine in the Midlands making a thousand pairs of socks in less time than their grandmothers took to make one. At the Inventions Exhibition they saw a machine that lays a new road as it moves forward over the old one.

Yes, look carefully at these boys. There's nothing suggestive of adventure in their faces. There is instead something there a little cold and analytical—a little cynical.

Should we blame them?

* * *

Now, here's a brilliant all-round boy, if you like. His father used to work in a rag-and-bone yard, and now he hasn't even got that as a job. His only brother, too, is out of work.

That boy is every bit as good as one of my old boys who is now on the teaching staff of one of the biggest American colleges. His father was a timekeeper, but as he was in employment he could let the boy sit for scholarships, and take advantage of them if he won them.

Posterity is going to put a wreath of laurel on the head of one, and a fool's cap on the other. And it isn't fair, you know.

* * *

A word about old boys. The successful ones often come back here to look at these lads as you are doing now. It is hard to make them understand.

I am afraid I was outspoken to the point of rudeness to one who, because he has four directorships, wants to talk a lot of how he climbed an imaginary ladder that any boy can mount if he has the determination.

No Ladder!

That imaginary ladder. What nonsense it has become in these days!

I pointed out to him that fair-headed boy with his hair brushed back.

"There," I told him, "is a boy very much as you used to be, very good at everything but top at nothing, if I might say so. Full of bright schemes calculated to found big businesses and provide employment for thousands."

"And has he the determination to carry them out?" he asked.

"As much as you ever had," I replied. "But he stands an even worse chance of earning a decent livelihood than half a dozen other lads whom we have had like you, who left school before the slump in jobs became as bad as it is to-day, the cry for economy so insistent."

He was amazed, and a little hurt. "I think you are forgetting," he said, "that I owed nothing to money or influence. I got my first job through one of the old labour exchanges that preceded the employment exchanges."

Originality? Bah!

I remembered that. And I remembered that he went along and told them what job he wanted, and found himself fixed up in just the position he sought within twenty-four hours of asking for it.

I am sure he objected to being told that if he had been born twenty years later he might not have got up that ladder—mightn't even have got his foot on it because of the huge crowd massed round the bottom.

* * *

Yet another old boy came here to tell me that he owed everything in life to the fact that he once wrote an original letter when applying for a job.

"There were thirty people after two jobs," he said. "The letter I wrote demanded attention. It made me stand a head over all the other applicants. It was right to the point. It was even subtly humorous. There wasn't a stereotyped line in it. That's the sort of letter you should get your boys to write—something to attract attention."

I told him I would feel I was mocking them; that even if they attracted attention so drastically that they stood on their heads it would make no difference. Ten thousand people would have written for those two jobs in these days—and five thousand of them would have written letters just as strikingly original as his.

While I think of it, there's a boy over there who illustrates a point I made a minute ago. A year back he was one of the most eager pupils we had. To-day he is just listless.

In that twelve months he has seen his best friend, an even brighter boy than himself, searching in vain for a job. He has lost heart.

We are persevering with the lad, but, believe me, it is hard to cure lethargy you can understand and forgive so easily.

And what of the boys I have not pointed out to you as brilliant or merely clever—that biggest army of all that falls between the two words Genius and Duffer? For them there was always a job in the office, the warehouse, the shop, the railway station. There was a road that led surely and certainly to a nice little home in the suburbs, a garden, a wife, children. . . .

The Future

Well, I hope these dark days will not last for ever. Perhaps even now they are not so dark as they seem to me, here in the schoolroom. The world is a curious place, and boys are adaptable creatures.

They will leave school. They will face the new situation bravely and squarely, I have no doubt. And I hope the cleverest will manage to surmount these obstacles and perhaps be all the better for the extra effort they will have to make.

Even in the "good old days" there were many who, starting under every disadvantage, triumphed in the end.

These lads to-day have all the mettle of their predecessors. Good luck to them—though the "soft job" has gone for ever.

You can't expect the sun to shine to order, but whatever the vagaries of the weather, you can rely on Manikins to give complete satisfaction.

If the days are sunny deck chair days, the delightful aroma and Mild Havana Flavour of Manikins are a constant source of added pleasure, but if skies are doubtful, the keen edge of your disappointment will soon disappear under the soothing comforts of these choice little smokes.

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THE SHOW Behind the SHOW . . .

I Challenge BRUISERS—

I HAVE been many things in my thirty years among the fair-ground folk. But I think my safest job was challenging the flat-nosed, cauliflower-eared champions lined up at the entrance to a boxing booth.

Curious work for a world-famous fasting man, I know. But the fact is that no fasting man can make people think he does 365 days of fasting out of every 365, seeing that his public knows nothing of the six-course dinners he gets when their backs are turned. He must therefore find other jobs to do between fasts, to retain public confidence.

I turned to the job of professional challenger largely because I have never heard of a professional challenger getting hurt at all in the course of his duties.

In fact, I never had to enter a ring during the course of my boxing career, although I challenged many scores of "bruisers" in the most blood-curdling language I could think of, and tempted many scores of thousands of people into one boxing booth or another.

My job, to use the description usually applied to it in the show world, was that of a "gee" or "bluer." One day you may be standing outside a boxing booth yourself and hear the cry "Bluers wanted."

YOU will know from that that the two or three men who have been stationed in the crowd to issue challenges have disappeared—a fact that may not be altogether unconnected with the local hours of opening.

As there is a real danger that genuine boxers will fill the gap, and will give fair-ground champions rather a hotter time than any man should have to suffer who has to put up five shows every day of his life, the "Bluers wanted" cry is raised.

Any showman who hears it can earn a few shillings by responding to the emergency, resting assured that he will not be called on to fight.

I might tell you that you must have many qualifications before you can earn a living by challenging fair-ground champions. In fact, boxing is about the only thing you don't have to understand.

In the first place you must have a loud voice and an easy flow of threatening language. In the second you must be good enough at acting to suggest that you started with the idea of merely boxing, but that you now intend to do spine-freezing murder the very moment you enter the ring.

The crowd, preferring murder to boxing any day of the week, will then Roll Up as requested.

Now that you know all about it, imagine me standing in a big East End crowd one day telling "the barker" on the platform that I was prepared to make mince-meat of any of the six boxers he had produced.

The crowd warmed up to it at once, especially when I was invited to the front to make my challenge more clear.

"Yes, and I'll take on that big bull-necked buffalo, if you like," I continued. "I don't mind his face a bit. I'll kill him when I start."

The boxer indicated knew his part. He just muttered to himself and glared, as if he must make a show of dignity outside the tent, but was determined to resort to butchery when he got inside.

And the "barker" knew his part, too. "I know your type," he yelled. "Got a lot to say outside, yet you'll get splashed all over the ring like coloured water the second you start."

And so, that hot summer day, the team of us suggested that a real orgy of killing was to be enjoyed by anybody who paid his money and stepped inside—and the crowd duly rolled up.

As to what happened inside, I can be brief. One of the staff boxers who had not been displayed outside was produced as the first challenger. Not a person in the hall knew of his association with the show.

"He pushed his way to the front and demanded to see the papers of my boxers"

Looking on from any part of the big tent you would think that that £10 challenge—a ten pounds which, by the way, never changes hands—was in real danger. But right at the end of the sixth and final round there was a fake knock-out, the purse was saved again, and the spectators were content.

THEY stayed behind for a minute, it is true, waiting for *my* fight to come on. But it only needed a few words to the effect that the very noisy gentleman they had seen outside was like a lot of 'em, very rude when it come to talking, but running away like a rabbit when it came to putting up his dukes, and they filed out happily, feeling, if anything, that my supreme cowardice at the last minute had added to the joy of the day.

It was much the same performance as any other day, except those occasions when a "bluer" in the crowd produced an old boxing belt bought at a pawnshop to give atmosphere to his challenge . . . yet I have singled out this day for a particular purpose.

At the end of the show in which I had played such an inglorious part, the boxer I had challenged, he whom I had so scathingly described as a "bull-necked buffalo," asked me very nicely if I would like to go with him for a little drink.

Now that man, I might say here and now, was one of the best boxers I ever met on a show-ground, and I have known a few who have won their way through to championship class.

And as he was big enough and strong enough to feel that he could fight the whole world if he wanted to, he moved across the fair-ground with me towards that drink without any care as to whom he knocked or jostled.

It happened that as he jostled he swore, so that suddenly he saw himself confronted by a very slim and angry "dude" who caught him by the arm and said:

"Excuse me, but you have just bumped into this lady friend of mine, a thing I do not allow. On top of that you have just sworn in her hearing, another thing I don't permit. So you will just oblige me by informing her that you are sorry."

Suffice to say that he didn't. Instead, he let out a quick string of twenty oaths for the special benefit of the lady.

I don't quite know what happened, but something flashed quickly, as if a roundabout had fallen down, and, looking down in surprise, I saw my boxing friend on the floor.

But not for long. In a second he was on his feet and aiming a real Jack

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES (2)

THIS week our reader, Mr. Alfred Hill, takes you behind the show-ground boxing booths and tells of the strange ways of the bruisers, the bluers and the barkers.

In this picture he poses as he posed then—as the man who always threatened, but never struck a blow.

—but Never have a Fight!

Dempsey blow at the jaw—or where the jaw had been a second before. And the "dude," bobbing up unexpectedly where he wasn't expected, put my pal down again for a count of nine.

After that it was the "dude" all the time and the boxer nowhere. If the boxing booth proprietor had seen one-tenth what had happened, he would have sacked him on the spot. He jumped up only to go down again, and he finished up by staying down.

But it was the "dude" who brought him to his feet at last. And giving his hand a friendly shake, he disappeared into the crowd, a vision in lavender spats and bowler hat.

At the "pub" we washed my friend down and tried to tell him that he would have done better if the crowd had given him elbow room. It is always best to talk to a defeated boxer like that. But nothing we could say would appease him. He was inconsolable.

"Very well," I told him at last. "Let's not say another word about it. You'll soon forget it."

At those words he blazed up at once. "Forget it!" he said. "Forget it! I can forget those blows all right—I've been used to them. But did you hear what he said when he shook my hand? I can never forget that."

"No; what did he say?" I asked.

"Grabbed me by the hand, he did," whined my friend, "and told me to be careful who I was rude to in future, as one day I might meet a man who knew how to use his fists."

QUITE the best boxing show the country has ever seen was that run by Dick Le Neve, one of the best showmen who ever drew breath.

There was less "cod" about that booth than any—probably because he found real champions.

I remember both Joe Beckett and "Digger" Stanley as show-ground lads. I knew them both in the days when they stood at the front of their show with a towel round them and a queer smile for anybody who challenged them. They will forgive me for saying that I have seen them get some good runs for the money from occasional dark horses.

Having become champions themselves they must often wonder why nothing big was ever done in the ring by lads who came up from the crowd and put up remarkably good performances.

In fact, Dick, I should say, had a good few budding world champions through his hands, and lost them before they could come to anything.

And to think that poor Dick's booth had to turn into a fat woman show at one time during the war—because of the shortage of men. I often chuckle at the memory of that.

I was associated with the show, in fact, and saw the whole gradual change that led to the last boxers disappearing.

I saw our boxers getting more and more puny as the Army delved deeper and deeper into the national stocks of manhood until, when 1916 came, the physique of the little party that came on the platform to challenge all-comers was pathetic.

Before the war there had always been a few really frightening-looking men among the boxers, and without exception they were all magnificent specimens physically.

But in 1916—why a decent gust of wind would have scattered the party. And yet the fair-grounds we visited were packed with sturdy young farm-labourers who were still staying behind to do work of national importance, and who were only too keen on knocking a "boxer" round the ring.

I have seen our poor champions go ghastly pale when a genuine challenge, from a beefy-looking farmhand, has come from the crowd: "Yes, guv'nor. I'll fight him, the biggest of 'em over there, that pale, weak-kneed bloke."

Oh, but it was too one-sided!

The final blow as far as the show was concerned came one day in 1917, when we were touring Kent. We had reached Strood.

Our pathetic little boxing troupe filed out like so many hospital patients. I gave a good look at the crowd, cleared my throat, and began my challenge to all comers on behalf of my champions.

Then, just as I had reached the "Walk up, walk up!" part, I saw a disturbance in the crowd. There at the back was the unmistakable figure of a sergeant of military police, with a civil policeman and one or two police corporals with him.

He pushed his way to the front and demanded to see the papers of my boxers.

AT first I thought it might be a joke. Our bruisers didn't look as though they would be any good to any Army. Then I realised the truth. He really did want to see their papers.

My first thought was to save the show, and so I hit on an idea. "Look here, sir," I shouted to the sergeant, having failed to quieten him, "will you and your men pay to come into the show, and then you can transact your business there?"

He was a good sport, and they all agreed.

The effect was magical. The chance of seeing all the boxers have their papers examined, and perhaps whisked off there and then, was too good to be missed. The whole crowd packed in. I remember how I gloated over the takings.

But the day was lost. After that there were not enough boxers left to us to make a show, and so poor Dick Le Neve, beaten for the time, turned to me sadly and asked what he could do.

"Put in a fat woman," I suggested.

"But who?" he asked.

I mentioned the name of a woman well known to both of us, a charming person who had never done anything like that in her life before.

"But she is not really fat enough," he said.

"Well, we'll see," I said. "She's at least better as a fat woman than those fellows were as boxers."

And so we continued in business with our rather thin fat woman, and, money being fairly free at the time, didn't do too badly with it.

It was my one real experience with a fat-woman show. And I cannot say I liked it.

I must confess here and now that I have never really liked the trick that depends on exploiting women, especially freak women, just as no good showman likes the sort of trick that lures pennies from young children.

I do not really know why it is, for it is certainly not due to the fact that the women suffer any indignity. Whether they are fat women, or giants, or dwarfs, they are always of a happy and easy-going disposition, and they are as well treated as women in any other walk of workaday life. But there it is.

BUT it is of the tattooed woman show that I have real horror, real deep-seated abhorrence.

I remember one showman who married a pretty girl who was not connected with the show business. When things went wrong he decided to make a tattooed woman of her.

I happened to call at his flat in North London one day, to find her being held on the floor by two massive friends while her husband sketched over her back with the tattooing needle.

Her face, crushed sideways on the floor, had on it a look of frozen horror. From her lips there escaped at times a cry, not of pain, but of despair at losing her unblemished skin.

I believe she was half willing to undergo it. I understood so much later. In fact, it is hard to imagine that it could be carried out entirely against her will.

But there were the thousands and thousands of tiny pin-points of blood on her back, and there was the tattooing ink eating into each tiny wound, so that not a spot of it could be washed off for the remainder of her life.

And there was her husband, stooping over his task, tracing on her back, with all the care of an artist, the picture of a liner at sea.

I have seen yet another tattooed woman actually undergoing the process of disfigurement. She was a willing party. I know. And yet, when the work was done, she broke down and sobbed. And I know she spent many, many nights of anguish until she got used to her decoration—if she ever did.

(To be continued)

Tell Us Yours

Have you a story to tell?—the story of your life, of the most adventurous role you have ever played . . .? "John Bull" will pay £10 10s. if your story is used. MSS. should not exceed 2,000 words

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Next week our reader tells how he and other famous fasting men—Sacco included—were supplied with food while in the sealed and locked fasting cabinet, and describes how one all but fainted when he heard there was a danger that his fast would have to be genuine.

CHAMPION . . !

says Gracie Fields

Miss Gracie Fields, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

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THE other night I was at a Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall, and I relished it as a great musical treat.

But what impressed me very deeply was not the conducting of Sir Henry Wood, brilliant though that was, but something that to many people would probably be regarded as a mere trifle. It was the sheer delight and obvious enthusiasm of one of the performers, who, I noticed from my programme, was a "second violin."

It set me thinking. For as I watched him I called to mind a letter I had received that day from one of my correspondents.

Here it is:

"I have been greatly struck by your desire to help those who wish to make a success of their lives. For many years I struggled hard to reach the top of the ladder, but now I realise that I shall never attain that pinnacle.

"Still, there are compensations in my lot. I have a happy home life, with two bonny bairns.

"My job, too, is an interesting one, and the money, though not high, is sufficient for our needs and leaves a little over for a rainy day. I am perfectly content as things go, but I wonder if I am a slacker in allowing my ambition to lie dormant?"

My correspondent is to be greatly envied. He possesses two of the great prizes of life—a happy home and an interesting job. Lucky man!

Now, about his desire to reach "the top of the ladder." Though he has not succeeded he is all the better for making the attempt. "'Tis better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all."

And let him derive this compensation from his present position. We cannot all be leaders. If there were no "second violins" there would be no Sir Henry Woods. And this man, though he has not reached "the pinnacle," is, I am sure, doing important work where he is.

The head of his firm retains that position because of the services of those under him. Remember the old saying, "An army must have leaders, but the battle is won by the rank and file."

The other day I read in a newspaper of the death of an actor. This is what it said: "He was never a great actor, but he was invaluable in small parts." And there are folk in life occupying comparatively "small parts" whose work is "invaluable."

I certainly do not condemn my correspondent as a "slacker." The real test of every man is not the material success he attains, but the happiness that he enjoys and shares as he goes through life.

Robert Louis Stevenson has told us that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive." And I would rather be in my correspondent's shoes than in those of Mussolini, leader of a nation though he is supposed to be.

* * *

I would commend the same sentiments to that "Mother of Four" who writes to me from Birmingham.

"Before I married," she says, "I was the secretary to a well-known public man. It was work in which I revelled. I remember the pride I felt when he told me that I was indispensable to him.

"In those days I used to build castles in the air, and I even imagined that one day I might find my way into Parliament.

"But the 'castles' have become a small suburban house with a husband and four children. It takes me all my time to look after them. I have no opportunity now for reading and going to concerts, of both of which I was passionately fond.

"There is another point. My husband takes a leading part in various local organisations, but my family ties make it impossible for me to join him at any of their meetings and social gatherings.

"Please don't misunderstand me. I am very fond of my family and my home, but I do sometimes wonder if I have missed my real vocation."

My correspondent surely entered the marriage state with her eyes open. She must have known what it involved. If she preferred a successful career to a home and children it is a pity she did not leave the latter for someone who would have valued them for their true worth.

Those seemingly humdrum duties of her family are by no means wasted, for in building up a home she is fulfilling one of the world's noblest professions. At present she is barred by family ties from joining in her husband's activities. But her children will not always be young, and one day she will reap the reward of her sacrifice.

There is also this point of view: Many a wife is content to watch her husband's success in life, helping him in a quiet way to "get there."

* * *

Madame Heriot, the wife of the French Prime Minister, though a brilliant woman herself, never obtrudes herself in the public eye. But this is what her husband said of her the other day: "I should have to give up the Premiership to-morrow were it not for my wife."

The woman who makes a happy home life for her husband and children is doing her job, and doing it magnificently.

And for my third problem let me take one from a younger member of the community, just twenty-two, who works as a fitter in an engineering firm.

"I have always hankered after journalism," he tells me, "but I was plunged into my present job when I left school. It seemed like fate, for my employer was interested in the Scout organisation, and he met me in the street one day and asked me to join the movement.

"Then, later, he gave me the opportunity of going into his works. He has pushed me on no end, and I feel it would be ungrateful if I left him now. What do you advise me to do?"

I have always advocated that a young fellow, within certain limits, should be allowed to choose his own career.

But in this case let us look at the alternatives. This young man is in a good position, and, with his employer at the back of him, has definite prospects. And I take it that his present work is not really distasteful to him.

* * *

On the other hand, he feels a call to write. Well, here is a test. Has he done any spare-time journalism? And, if so, has he had any success with it?

Obviously, it would be folly to throw up a certain job in the engineering world for an uncertain one in journalistic circles. In these days the road to success in the literary world is a very uphill one.

I am interested in what he says about being fated to become a fitter. That has been the experience of a great many other people.

In his life-story, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson says that he would never have become a soldier but for the accident of fate. On the day he enlisted he decided to run away, but somebody stole his trousers.

And history is full of many such instances, all of which seem to point to one thing:

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Destiny seems to have played its part in my young correspondent's life, and in his case destiny seems to go hand-in-hand with common-sense. I should hesitate a long while before I quarrelled with it.

Race with "Silver Ring"

NURSERY Coups

THE Nursery season is here again, and there should be some nice long-priced winners knocking about. I hope to code a few in due course.

A few years ago we used to be told how "wicked" trainers saved their youngsters for these two-year-old handicaps and landed small fortunes, but I am afraid there is little of that kind of business these days.

Competition for prizes is too keen, and the smart Alecs found that it did not pay when half a dozen trainers were at the same game.

My only advice for the Nurseries is to follow the lightly weighted winners until they are beaten. Do not worry about the penalties incurred.

I am sticking to Udaipur for the St. Leger. At Manchester Prince Oxendon may win the Prince Edward Handicap.

I suggest Golden Calf for the Palatine Nursery, and Ithaca for the Wilton Nursery.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 1, to Wednesday, September 7.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. SWR94Z2 would read ORWELL.

The Human Machine

Real Pluck

THERE have been several films shown in London recently that were epics of human endurance. The Conquest of Mount Kamet, the highest mountain ever climbed by man, and the Courtauld Expedition to Greenland make one marvel at the pluck and courage and determination that can carry a man through unimaginable difficulties towards his goal.

And no doubt the majority of people who saw these men braving endless dangers and risking hourly death envied them their opportunities, and mentally decided that they, too, could display equal heroism if only they could get the chance.

They get the chance every day—all day—but few realise it. Few understand the real meaning of pluck and grit. Fewer still recognise the daily opportunities for their display.

For these opportunities are labelled "responsibility," "worries," "duty"—and they are too well disguised for most people. They are just daily life as it must be lived; but what greater heroes are there than men and women who can take one day at a time and live it fully and honestly, without shirking, without repining for the past or worrying about the future?

What greater courage can there be than to face monotony, drabness or drudgery without fear and without complaint?

Anyone can turn his back on responsibility. That needs neither courage nor character. But we don't destroy responsibility by shirking it. We only pass it on and make someone else bear a double burden.

We all have our Mount Kamets to conquer—every day and all day. The conquest may not be spectacular. No one, indeed, except ourselves may ever see it or ever know it, but it is none the less real for that.

And the true salt of the earth are the men and women who climb unswervingly and uncomplainingly, their only reward the knowledge that they have done their duty, that they have climbed, and that they have conquered.

813 PRIZES FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

£50

FIRST PRIZE

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £5
3rd PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
CONSOLATION GIFTS
250 PEN SETS

A Bishop from Notting Hill Gate
Once went on an ice rink to skate;
But not having the knack,
He was soon on his back

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

CLOSING DATE:
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, September 16, 1932.**

RESULT:
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

The English CRUSTLESS CHEESE

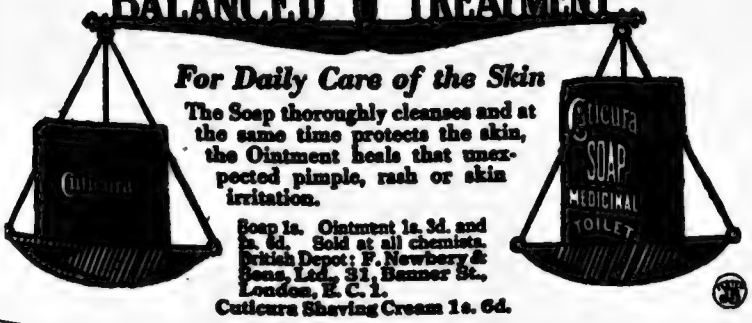
D.733

HOW TO BE HEALTHY THOUGH SAVING . . .

eat plenty of FYFFES

Look for the BLUE LABEL

WELL BALANCED SKIN TREATMENT



For Daily Care of the Skin

The Soap thoroughly cleanses and at the same time protects the skin, the Ointment heals that unexpected pimple, rash or skin irritation.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

Children love this pleasant way *to clean teeth*

Wrigley's is more than a mere chewing sweet. Doctors and dentists will tell you it is healthy to use Wrigley's.

Give your children each a piece of Wrigley's half-an-hour before they go to bed. They will enjoy its tempting flavour . . . they will be cleaning their teeth in a delightful new way, so much better than an ordinary tooth brush, they agree.

Get Wrigley's to-day. Four generous pieces to every 1d. packet. Sold everywhere in two flavours. P.K., double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. The finest value a 1d. can buy.

1d PER PACKET

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WRIGLEY'S

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM

R.M.10

My Greatest Hour—by C. T. STONEHAM

ALONE WITH A LION

LIFE is a series of contests. The degree of our enjoyment of it can only be measured by our triumphs. And the first success is often more gratifying than any subsequent conquest.

Though I have spent many years in striving with the wilderness and the beasts that inhabit it, I look back with most pleasure to the hour in which I shot my first lion.

It was not a very brilliant exploit, but it sufficed to raise me to the heights of happiness for one brief hour.

I had been only a year in East Africa. I had done a little hunting and exploring, but, since my adventures were undertaken alone and with scanty resources, I was still a very babe in the bush, uncertain of my capabilities and awed by my surroundings.

One morning I started out alone over the thorn-veld, armed with an old .303 rifle. My purpose was to wander among the herds of buck and zebra grazing on every plain, to investigate the rocky *dongas* and the belts of almost impenetrable bush in pursuit of knowledge about the fascinating land which so delighted me.

The sun was hot and glaring, the veld shimmered in waves of misty heat, and by the time I had walked a dozen miles over that parched expanse I was glad to take shelter beneath an acacia tree on the edge of a steep *donga*, and rest my weary legs in preparation for the homeward journey.

It was cool and pleasant in the shade; pigeons called from the branches overhead, the game herds stood, motionless and drowsy, in the sparse cover of the thorns.

Spasm of fear

I had seen many kinds of animals in the course of my walk, but none dangerous; now my startled gaze fell upon a beast which, of all others, I was at once desirous yet fearful of meeting.

Out of a patch of bush, about five hundred yards away, walked a lion, making for the *donga* just above where I lay.

Magnified by the haze, the animal seemed unnaturally big, but its shape and manner of walking left no doubt of its identity.

I was astonished to see a lion abroad on the open veld at such a time. I suppose that it had found insufficient protection from the sun in a small bush clump and was seeking the cool shade of the *donga*.

Directly I recognised the slouching shape as a wild lion my heart began to beat wildly. I knew that my chance of bagging the greatest prize of the veld had arrived, but I was inadequately armed with a weapon upon which I placed little reliance.

I was twelve miles from another man, black or white; the immense, lonely wilderness surrounded me, and I was deplorably ignorant of how to shoot a lion.

Still, I would not let this opportunity slip for want of confidence; I must face the enemy on his own ground or spend the rest of my days ashamed of my cowardice.

I scrambled down into the dry watercourse and moved quickly among bushes and boulders to a position at which I judged the lion would make its appearance.

When I climbed the bank again it was to find my view of the plain obscured by a line of low bushes, in front of which stretched a hundred-yard strip of withered grass, some 3 ft. high. The conditions were not favourable, but I must make the best of them.

* * *

I snuggled down on the bank, cocked the rifle, and waited for the appearance of the quarry. My mind was divided between fear that the lion would turn off and reach the *donga* at another spot and a shameful hope that I should not be able to get a shot at it.

I knew that as long as I did not begin hostilities I was in no danger, but that if I inflicted an injury on the fierce beast he would resent it in a manner which might be unpleasant for me. Such unpleasantness, so far from human assistance, was not nice to contemplate.

This was the lion's kingdom; of all the creatures in the wilderness I was the least fitted to dispute his power. The rifle placed me on even terms with him as long as I kept cool enough to shoot straight.

Suddenly, without a sound, a big hairy head appeared out of the bushes, straight before me. The lion's mouth was open, his tongue lolled, he panted like a dog.

As he came down the slight slope I could see his tawny back above his head, just clear of the grass. This was my chance; if I shot too high I should yet hit him in the spine.

I fired, and I do not remember hearing the noise of the explosion. The lion disappeared in the grass as though a pit had opened under his feet, there was a moment of astonishment, and then a dreadful snarl reached my ears. It was accompanied by a violent disturbance of the grass stems.

I fired three times at the spot as fast as I could work the bolt. Echoes thundered, pigeons flew out of the branches with a rattle of wings; then peace returned to the veld. There was neither sign nor sound of the lion.

My nerves were jumping as I thrust cartridges into the magazine. I was more afraid of the lion now than when he had been growling; it seemed that the motionless grass might conceal his preparations for one of those lightning charges I had heard about.

Thrill of the "bag"

I retired to a more open spot and sat there, smoking and watching. When my cigarette was finished I suddenly became very bold.

I was ashamed to sit there, afraid to put my fortune to the test. Walking quickly through the grass as I did, I should have been an easy prey for the beast had he been capable of taking advantage of my imprudence; but he was stone dead, lying there on his side with the earth pulled up all about him.

My first bullet had missed his head, but had broken his spine; none of the other shots had struck him. He was a young lion, small, and with but a straggly fringe of hair about his neck, but to me he was the finest trophy in Africa.

I stood beside the limp body, looking round upon the vast, glaring veld and the still, green fever trees as though I saw them for the first time.

I was a fully fledged African hunter; single-handed I had killed a lion! Had I been able, I would have roared with triumph, like the lion himself.

Yes, I'd give a lot to taste the sweets of that hour again.

"This was the lion's kingdom; of all the creatures in the wilderness I was the least fitted to dispute his power." Mr. C. T. Stoneham, Big Game Hunter and Author

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —"

A Father's DESPAIR

WHEN the children of the unemployed reach school-leaving age, their parents are hopeful that the boy or girl will get a job and lighten the household's burden of poverty.

But in many cases the youngsters get no job, or are turned off before they become eligible for unemployment pay, and as no allowance is made for them in their dad's scale of "dole," they constitute an added handicap.

Such is the case of an ex-Service man who served four years in Mesopotamia, and whose ten years' savings were drained through his having contracted malaria, ague, jaundice and dysentery.

Though his health has now greatly improved, he has had hardly any work since the war; has lost his six-year-old little girl; has had his two youngest children seriously ill for three months with bronchitis, and his wife, who suffers from curvature of the spine, is attending hospital.

His eldest boy, aged sixteen, is out of work. He has never been able to earn much since he left school, so that his dad gets nothing for him.

"And now," the father writes, "my boy has disappeared. We are nearly frantic with worry. The police, so far, can get no tidings. He left our house to go about three miles from here to try for a job, and it appears it was taken before he got there. Since then we can hear nothing."

Out of his own unemployment pay of 29s. 3d. for himself, wife and three kiddies—aged twelve years, two years, and eight months—he is unable, however hard he tries, to prevent his doctor's and other bills mounting up.

His guarantor states: "This is a perfectly genuine and very deserving case. I have examined the bills that are owing, and there is nothing in any way extravagant in them. They are for pure necessities, and there is every evidence that whenever they are in a position to do so, they pay off small amounts.

"The man has had only a few weeks' work during the last twelve months."

We appeal for this ex-Service man who is in despair about his wife. "I don't know what she might do," he says, "as she is worried to death with all the bills."

A skin trouble has also developed on his own hands and wrists, which he attributes to poor living.

Donations earmarked for his case or for the fund generally should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Recipe for Making Money!

Take an *Example* from page 31 and let it simmer slowly in your mind until a *Bullets* idea crystallises. Serve it up upon a coupon by Saturday, September 17 and you may well have made yourself the winner of a £3 weekly Life Pension *and* £1,000 cash!

They save time and trouble

It's so easy to serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes—for breakfast or any other meal. No trouble, no fuss, no cooking. They're so good for children and grown-ups, too.

Full of the valuable nourishment of sun-ripened corn. And so good to eat, served with cold milk or cream, honey or syrup or fruit added. Try them—you'll like them.

Serve them often for economy and convenience—only 7½d. per packet. Obtainable in the red-and-green packet at all grocers

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

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CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
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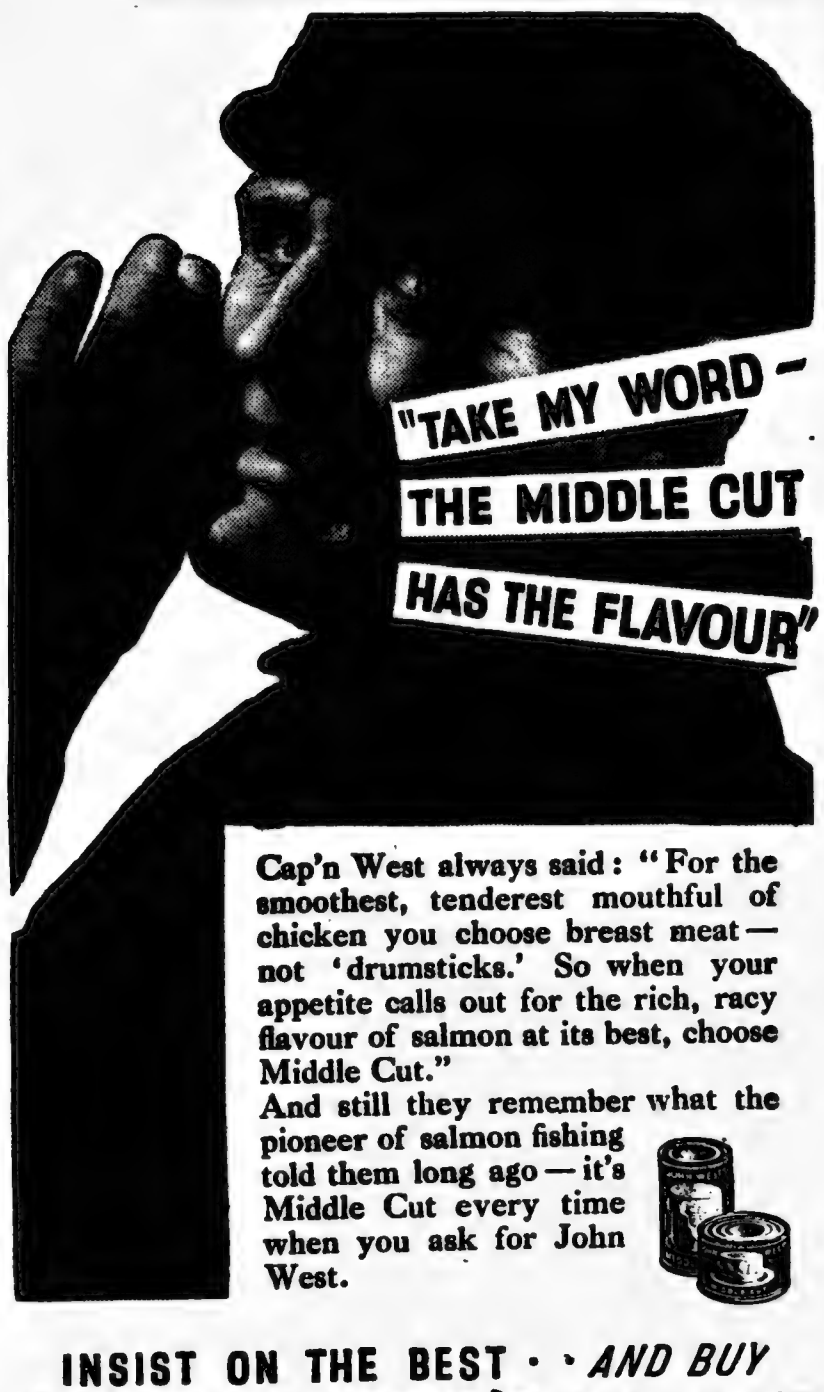

Cap'n West always said: "For the smoothest, tenderest mouthful of chicken you choose breast meat—not 'drumsticks.' So when your appetite calls out for the rich, racy flavour of salmon at its best, choose Middle Cut."

And still they remember what the pioneer of salmon fishing told them long ago—it's Middle Cut every time when you ask for John West.

INSIST ON THE BEST · · *AND BUY*

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

Pelling, Stanley & Company Limited, Liverpool and 41 Eastcheap, London

JW 49-172

Obtainable from all dealers, including Boots' branches, Taylors, Parkes, Halfords, Timothy White's, W. H. Smith & Son's, Wyman's, Etc.

SHARD BLADES

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£700 Cash won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 177.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of this Competition, a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be sent:

R. Bourne, 5, Bellars Lane, Gt. Malvern.
A. W. Keeble, 62, Rutland Gardens, Harringay, N.4.
M. A. Trew, Magazine Studio, Lamorna, Cornwall.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 13th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 32 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 2s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 175: The extra £100 Bonus offered in this contest has been divided between 21 entrants and payments of £4 15s. 3d. each are being despatched accordingly.

Another splendid X-Word, with a huge 2-in-1 First Prize, appears on Page 28. Try your skill now!

Glitto

685-62A

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THE EQUAL TO SILK.

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See Tab in every Garment. None Genuine without.

Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

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Still THE Navy—

While nothing in the world can alter the splendid traditions of the British Navy, the fact remains that the Fleet is changing in many ways.

The following article tells something of the changes which have been witnessed in the present reign.

by Vice-Admiral J. E. T. HARPER,

Author of "The Truth about Jutland"

THE visits this summer of the King and his two sons to different portions of the Fleet not only constitute a useful reminder to the people of this country that our Navy is still the sure shield on which the safety of our Empire depends, but gives personal pleasure to His Majesty and the Princes by reviving memories of the past.

Association with the officers and men of our Fleet must bring back to mind their own service afloat. The Prince of Wales and Prince George served as junior officers only, but the King served first as a junior officer and subsequently in actual command.

In honouring the British Navy, of which he is the head, King George honours also our Merchant Navy.

Circumstances render it well-nigh impossible for his Majesty to review a mass of our merchant ships together assembled for the purpose

* * *

But after the close association of the two Sea Services during the Great War it is safe to say that the visit not only of the King, but also of the Prince of Wales—the Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets—may be taken as an honour to Empire Sea Services.

The enormous voluntary effort we have made in the reduction of armaments is evidenced by the difference in numbers and styles of ships to-day compared with the Fleet at the time of His Majesty's Coronation.

Less than 50 ships assembled at Weymouth in July of this year, whereas when the King last reviewed the Fleet in home waters he had 193 vessels before him. But even this number is small compared with the 250 ships he reviewed in July, 1914.

His Majesty's close association with the Navy has enabled him to follow step by step the alterations in the style and size of ships.

In his early years afloat, steam had not fully taken the place of sail. Ships were still rigged with yards and sails; many voyages were made under sail alone; mechanisation was a word unknown.

Then came the steam era, which quickly developed into the oil-burning super-Dreadnought battleship. The size increased and reached its zenith with the 41,000-ton *Hood*, still the largest warship afloat, although fifteen years of age.

It seems probable that never again will we see warships of this size; everything points, fortunately, to a considerable reduction in size.

We do not want big ships—we want cruisers capable of "showing the Flag" to advance our trade.

In addition to these advances, our King has also seen the changes in the officers and men who man our ships. What of these changes?

When the King served as a midshipman, the men of the Navy were sailors in the sense that they dealt with sails. They had little education, as we now understand the word, and they were wont to be somewhat irresponsible when on shore and enjoyed themselves in a way which gave them the reputation of being somewhat rowdy.

They are still sailors, although the knowledge of sails has been superseded by a knowledge of mechanical devices.

Whether a ship is driven by the wind or by steam, it is equally necessary for those who man her to have a *sailor's* instinct—the winds and the waves have still to be overcome. Bluejackets are, and must always be, handy-men

The increase in education has altered the bluejacket in many respects, but has not altered his loyalty to his ship or his love of *the* Service.

He is better paid and he has a keener appreciation of his responsibilities. Seldom now do our seamen waste their hard-earned wages when on shore; they put by for the future as, and when, they can.

Their behaviour on shore in British ports compares more than favourably with that of any other class of men.

The British bluejacket is admired and respected in all parts of the world.

We should be truly thankful that our people are still endowed with that sea-sense and sea-courage which helped to build up our world-wide Empire, and which is necessary if that Empire is to be maintained.

*

In spite of all the talk about reduction in armaments, we must never forget that our far-flung Empire is dependent, as is no other nation, for its very existence on the safety of the highways of the ocean which join our scattered Dominions and Colonies.

Our very lives in this country depend on the uninterrupted supply of foodstuffs carried by the gallant ships of our Merchant Navy, both in peace and war, and it is the duty of our Navy to safeguard those highways.

We must have sea-power if we are to exist as a nation. Sea-power does not depend entirely on the Navy, which is only the physical sign of sea-power; the very foundation of our sea-power is in our Mercantile Marine.

A country which has no Mercantile Marine has not, and cannot have, sea-power or power derived from the sea.

It is by sea-power that our Empire came into being and by which it is maintained. Pirates and the slave trade were put down, and are being kept down, by our Navy.

Whatever alteration there may have been in our Navy during the life of King George, one fact remains, and that is, that so long as our Empire endures every man and woman in it must realise that the Royal Navy is the sure shield of the Empire, and that it means more to us, than and always has meant more to us, than any other navy can possibly mean to any other nation.

"The British bluejacket is admired and respected the world over"

—With a DIFFERENCE

Football Selections

for September 3—BY OUR EXPERT

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) DERBY v Wednesday.
*(2) VILLA v. Bolton.
**(3) NEWCASTLE v. Liverpool.
*(4) ARSENAL v. Sunderland.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Leeds.
(6) Blackpool v. W.B. ALBION.
*(7) EVERTON v. Birmingham.
(8) HUDDERSFIELD v. Chelsea.
(9) Manchester C. v. Middlesbrough.
(10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Portsmouth.
*(11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Leicester.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) WEST HAM v. Notts. County.
(2) SOUTHAMPTON v. Manchester U.
(3) FULHAM v. Swansea.
*(4) BRADFORD v. Burnley.
**(5) BURY v Millwall.
(6) CHARLTON v. Grimsby.
(7) Chesterfield v. BRADFORD C.
(8) Lincoln v. Port Vale.
(9) NOTTS FOREST v. Oldham.
(10) PLYMOUTH v. Preston.
*(11) STOKE v. Hotspur.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Swindon v. READING.
(2) Gillingham v. BRISTOL R.
(3) CLAPTON O. v. Boscombe.
*(4) BRENTFORD v. Torquay.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Luton.
(6) CARDIFF v. Norwich.
(7) COVENTRY v. Exeter.
**(8) C. PALACE v. Aldershot.
*(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Newport.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Q.P. Rangers.
(11) WATFORD v. Brighton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) DONCASTER v. Stockport.
(2) N. Brighton v. Accrington.
(3) CHESTER v. Rotherham.
**(4) BARNSLEY v. Walsall.
(5) BARROW v. Mansfield.
(6) CARLISLE v. Southport.
(7) Darlington v. Crewe.
(8) HALIFAX v. Tranmere
(9) HARTLEPOOLS v. Wrexham.
(10) HULL v. Gateshead.
*(11) YORK CITY v. Rochdale.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) MORTON v. Third Lanark.
(2) Falkirk v. CELTIC.
**(3) ABERDEEN v. Airdrie.
(4) Clyde v. Dundee.
(5) HAMILTON v. St. Mirren.
*(6) HEARTS v. Ayr.
(7) QUEEN'S PARK v. Cowdenbeath.
**(8) RANGERS v. E Stirling.
(9) St. Johnstone v. MOTHERWELL.
(10) Kilmarnock v. PARTICK.

FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*): Div. II.—7 (*A*); Southern Section—8 (*H*); Northern Section—4 (*H*); Scottish League—3 (*H*) would indicate Newcastle, Bradford City, Crystal Palace, Barnsley and Aberdeen.

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SNOW is applied quickly and easily. Remove it and your beard goes with it. You will find your face smoother than it has ever been since you were a boy. If your skin is tender and every shave means torture—or if you have a hard beard, SNOW will prove a god-send. We guarantee your satisfaction.

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The voucher below entitles every reader of 'John Bull' to participate in Benson's remarkable offer of a £10.10.0 watch for £9.9.0. The watch offered is Benson's solid gold New 'Precision' watch. At the same time you are invited to avail yourself of Benson's 'Times' System of Monthly Payments and secure the watch for a first payment of 9/-, the balance of £9.0.0 being payable in monthly instalments of only 10/- instead of the usual instalments of 15/-. No interest is charged. Benson's New 'Precision' watch has a very fine lever movement, jewelled in rubies and Benson-guaranteed. The half-hunter case is of hall-marked solid gold and has a specially designed dust-excluding flange inside.
You send 9/- only to become the absolute owner of the watch. 18 monthly instalments of 10/- complete the purchase.

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Please send me full particulars of the £10.10.0 New 'Precision' watch here offered at £9.9.0 together with details of your 'Times' System of Monthly Payments. I should also like illustrated catalogues of your other goods as indicated.

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B—Wristlet Watches
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E—Plate, Cutlery, etc.
F—Clocks.
(Cross out those not required)

Name .....

Address .....

D.89 ..... Date .....

JOHN BULL 3 9 32

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

If I had A Holiday for Ever

"I should even envy them"—the "trackers" of Shanghai harnessed to a cartload of merchandise

THREE years I'd spend in travel, studying life at first hand, and three years in study of divinity, crowned by a doctorate. Then I'd be fit for my job, for idleness spells ennui.

I'd become incumbent of a slum parish, and work it as I dream of doing, proving that, given the right conditions, the Church still holds the people.

Normally, poor parishes mean drab churches, makeshift appurtenances and disheartened clergy. These might do in the West End; the slums need the best of everything.—(*Rev.*) *C. Keith McWilliam, Burnbank.*

Solitude

Moorland, wild life, a log cabin, books and wireless, solitary meditation and illimitable freedom—a compromise between natural animalism and civilisation.

Here my life's holiday would be spent, instincts undulled by the sop of modern existence, unaffected by the uneasiness and misery caused by an absurd social system, with petty conventions and pointless customs.

Then, perhaps, a very occasional holiday among high collars, hateful hypocrisies and needless toil.—*Misogynist, Leicester.*

Looms' Music

Winning a thousand pounds, I had one glorious year.

I've sat stolidly through the programme of the "Folies Bergere" in Paris; heard the chimes of the famous Strasburg clock; walked the Black Forest; heard opera in Stockholm, and seen my own reflection in the Lake of Geneva.

After the surfeit, I came home again to listen to the music of the looms through the mill walls—until, after much pleading, the foreman gave me a job.

I'd do exactly the same again.—*R. W., Notts.*

Bunkered

My Saturday afternoons used to be spent in golfing. Friday nights were devoted to polishing my clubs, etc., but, my salary being reduced, I had to terminate my club membership.

Every Friday night since I have given my clubs a rub over, and now they are like burnished silver.

They have been an inspiration to me in these dark days. I am hopeful that the day is near when I can resume my membership, sally forth to the first tee with my beautifully polished clubs, and—dirty them.

That's how I'd start my holiday.—*Solly, Hartlepool.*

Renewed Hope

I would devote my holiday to helping the destitute and broken-in-spirit men who lounge on the steps of our big buildings. How my heart aches because I have to pass by.

An ounce of baccy or a packet of fags and a bob or two would rekindle their belief in human nature.

The art of living, especially when you have nothing to do, is in the art of giving, and if only my ambitions were to be realised!—*T. H. C., Liverpool.*

What Else?

Spend every possible moment with the man I love—the man who lifted me from the depths of despair when I was left alone after having lost my mother.

The lad who pleaded with his parents to take me in and give me a home when I was left an orphan.

It was he who turned my misery into happiness, my poverty into wealth, and my loneliness into heavenly companionship. He is my husband. What else could I do?—*Wife, Worcester.*

Wanderlust

First, I'd go to Egypt to see the Pyramids and the old Nile. Then to South Africa to see the Rand. Next I'd visit India to see its marvellous cities.

After that I'd visit the Khyber Pass and the roof of the world. Then to Japan and China and then to Australia and New Zealand.

Afterwards, cruise among the gorgeous, sun-kissed islands of the South Seas, then to America to see her giant rivers and the Niagara Falls. Then back home.—*E. H., Rhosnessney.*

Natural

I would first find "her" to share the holiday with me. The only sources of real happiness are those founded on the fundamentals of human nature. Love and friendship rank high among these.

We should cultivate an intelligent appreciation of all forms of Nature. We should travel.

Man is physical. We should walk, run, dance and swim. Man has a brain, so we would observe, read, study.

Man has a soul. We would try to see beauty and therefore God in everything, and when we succeeded there we should worship.—*R. Calvert, Middlesbrough.*

All Blank

I was persuaded to send my four children for a six weeks' holiday, and my friends remarked, "Look what a holiday it will be for you."

Never before has life seemed so empty and desolate. For the first day or two I busied myself tidying their bedroom drawers, toy cupboard, etc., after which there seemed nothing whatever to do.

No prayers to listen to, no toes to count, no little white forms to tuck in, and no good-night kisses.

If my "holiday" were to last for ever—I shudder!—"*Mum*," *Dorchester.*

England's Charm

A holiday for ever! Ye gods! To leave England when the cold, wet and foggy days approach, and cruise along tropic shores with trips inland to see strange people, animals and customs.

At other times to visit the colder regions and obtain the benefit of the health-giving climate.

To return home with the springtime to appreciate the charm and beauty of old England, and settle down to the care of a beautiful garden and an interest in some welfare work.—*G., Erdington.*

Dream Island

Somewhere east of Borneo there is a small South Sea island. It lies just outside a steamship route, is lonely, beautiful, enchanting.

It possesses a fresh-water spring and a thick wood; about it is an endless murmuring—the song of the sea mingling with the stirring of the palms.

If I had an everlasting holiday I'd discover that dream island of mine, and settle there.

We (my wife and I) would have a wireless set. I would write a little, and we'd live together and know real peace and contentment.—*W. B., Grangetown.*

Boredom Saved

I would take from life the pleasures it has always denied me. I would enjoy the pastimes of the idle, and make the globe my playground.

I would bring pleasure and enjoyment to those I know would appreciate it, and who have never experienced it.

In achieving this, I would be saved from boredom, for I could find enough unfortunates to make a holiday last for ever.

The knowledge that my idle life was being useful and a final grateful handshake would be my crowning triumph.—*G. Blaine, Manchester.*

Happy Quest

Complete idleness, after a while, would be intolerable to any man who has been accustomed to work. I should spend a year in travel and rest, and would then qualify as a doctor.

After taking an ordinary degree, I would specialise, and would concentrate on finding a cure for one of the great scourges of humanity, such as cancer or tuberculosis.—*A. C. T., Glasgow.*

Toil, the Master

AS a sailor who has been used to hard work all his life, I know that the most terrible punishment that I could suffer would be a sentence to perpetual idleness.

For toil is in the poor man's blood, and to take it away is to bleed him to death.

In Shanghai I have seen the "trackers," the brothers of the ox, at work. Theirs is perhaps the lowest form of human labour. Yet, after a period of protracted idleness, I should even envy them their lot.—C. T. B., Glasgow.

Just Heaven

I'd go away to a different country for three months every year of my life. But I'd take with me a slum kiddie each time, and give it the time of its life.

Lots of nice clothes, good fun, the best of food, everything its heart would wish for.

It would be just heaven to me, make me young again, and keep ever green the memory of a wife and little son whom I lost.—*L. G., Chatham.*

* * *

Start a farm under skilled management to relieve unemployment and supply produce to some of our harassed hospitals.—*L. S., Southampton.*

Commence with a twelve months' voyage in search of the treasure which I have lost—health.—"*Nomad*," *Alexandria.*

Endeavour to fix my home in some remote, uninhabited island, where I might get relief from the mad antics of a crazy world.—"*Cynic*," *Plymouth.*

Get nominated for the Public Assistance Committee in a poor district, and then devote my time and money to giving a helping hand, making a study of the treatment of poverty.—*S. A., North London.*

Instead of following movie travel pictures with the keenest interest, I would travel the world, learning with my own eyes and ears the wonders of the earth.—"*Globetrotter*," *Accrington.*

I'd endeavour to prove that the oft-repeated statement that "work is the only means to happiness" is just "bunk."—*A. W., London.*

To be able to start and finish "work" when I pleased would make it a holiday in itself. If it were "holiday for ever," then "for ever" would not be far off.—*T. W., Gt. Yarmouth.*

I would probably rust out, be bored to death, and would become a bore to every one around me.—*J. Spillane, Swansea.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 6.

My Happiest Birthday

SIDE SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader the prize is awarded to the first opened.

WEST COAST COURIER:—"Numerous cyclists had the satisfaction of being able to dodge in and out of the traffic jams with IMPURITY."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"He authorised his trustees to make provision for the upkeep of his family FAULTS."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"This cow is claimed to have broken the world's record for combined milk and butter production at Fomco Farms with a yearly output of 35,625 PONDS of milk."

TORQUAY HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"With her severely cut black dress with small shoulder of mutton sleeves reaching to her HEELS."

BURNLEY NEWS:—"The boy was none the worse for his APPEARANCE, and ran away from home."

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE HERALD:—"On Wednesday a whist drive will be HELD."

HELENSBURGH COURIER:—"Spools left up to 8 p.m. ready SAME day at 6 p.m."

DAILY MAIL:—"A cow was killed in a field at Dyce, and at Kintore the LIGHTNING installation was put out of order."

STAR:—"Afterwards he pressed both hands, all TEN FINGERS AND THUMBS, on a sheet of blotting-paper."

DONEGAL VINDICATOR:—"The chairman inquired regarding the enforcement of the Noxious Weeds Act, saying that he had seen a large field covered with WHISTLES."

FINCHLEY PRESS:—"The three DECEASED had nothing to say."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"HEAT was more liable to infection if it was minced or cut up into small pieces."

WILD WEST WEEKLY:—"Wiping his hand across the BACK of his mouth."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"In May he attempted to take his life by HANGING himself in a LITTLE STREAM."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"People crossing the Pier Approach during the firework display STARTED skywards."

I Whispered The Reason...

'Unpleasant Odour is Caused by Underarm Hair'

Yvonne always wondered why she was unpopular and it was such a personal matter it was difficult to tell her. Finally, I plucked up courage—"Hair under the arms is not only ugly and repulsive-looking but greatly aggravates the old problem of body odour." Then I told her my own experience. "I, myself, had a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders, and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. At last I found NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles forever. Now my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

New White Veet (containing Wenlo White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed.

FREE: By special arrangements with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET, containing Wenlo-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dee Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 32 S), Cunard Rd. Chase Estate, London N W 10

GAMBLERS USUALLY PAY

You are playing a losing game when you count on a dentifrice to do more than clean your teeth.

Many dentifrices boast of other properties, yet how many really fulfil their claims? When you use a toothpaste because it promises to cure some disorder of teeth or gums, you are only fooling yourself. You are risking sound teeth and good health.

No one is better qualified than a dentist to recommend a toothpaste, and thousands of them throughout the Empire advise Colgate's, because of its merit as a complete, yet safe cleanser.

Follow two rules if you wish to reach old age with all your teeth.

1. Use the dentifrice that cleanses most thoroughly.
2. At the first sign of trouble, see your dentist.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Two Sizes, 1/- and 6d.

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

YES, I AM 59

But My Friends Say I Look only 40

"I am always amused to hear my friends discuss their ages. Of course, we are all older than we own up to but they would all be dumbfounded if they knew I am nearly sixty. I confess to 38 and not a soul thinks I am over 40.

I was always very incredulous of the claims made for Crème Tokalon Skinfoods but several years ago I decided to give them a trial (out of sheer curiosity). Imagine my astonishment and delight when after one month of this treatment I saw, beyond doubt, that I was looking younger. I persevered and after five months I was a different woman. Lines and wrinkles had disappeared and my skin had become clear, fresh and smooth."

Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour, contains 'Biocel' a marvellous highly concentrated tissue obtained from young animals, which restores youth to the skin. It was discovered by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. In his skin nutrition tests on women from 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles completely disappeared in 6 weeks."

Use this new Crème Tokalon Skinfood Biocel (Rose Colour) at night—it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. In the morning use Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour). This treatment is guaranteed to restore the expression of youth to the face, and to give you a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or your money will be refunded in full.

CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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The biscuit they all beg for

There's nothing like biscuits for a well-balanced diet. Biscuits keep dogs in perfect health and obviate those many ailments caused by too-rich feeding. But some dogs simply will not eat ordinary biscuits. So Spratt's have introduced Bonio—the NEW IDEA in dog biscuits. They are shaped like a bone and have the crisp, meaty texture of a bone. They are full of satisfying nourishment, afford valuable exercise for jaws and teeth and keep canine digestion functioning healthily. If *your* dog is a "fussy" feeder, tempt him with Bonio!

(REGD.)

THE BONE-SHAPED BISCUITS

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INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL

ABSCESSES!

TURN OUT IN CASE TELLS TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 42, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from V167

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BONUS OF £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS UP WHO SEND IN TWO 6D ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

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HUGE 2-IN-1 PRIZE OR £750

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and a £30 Cheque yearly on your birthday (or £750 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 15th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 22nd.

ENTER BY NOON THURSDAY SEPT 8TH

HERE is another fine 2-in-1 prize for solving "John Bull's" entertaining Crossword. Half an hour with the amusing problem below may bring you a Life Pension of 30/- weekly plus a £30 cheque on your birthday each year as long as you live.

Amongst Runners-up the fine sum of £200 will be distributed as announced here, so that a substantial prize may be yours even if your solution is not quite correct. Tackle this evening the interesting puzzle on this page and you may soon be receiving a "John Bull" cheque every Saturday and £30 cash every birthday.

CLUES ACROSS

1. A young horse.
5. Tops do this.
9. District.
10. A light straw hat.
12. Describes a professor.
14. This causes international rivalry.
15. You row with these.
16. Symbol of kingly rank.
21. What stray dogs do.
23. They double mother's trouble.
25. Pack with stuffing.
26. Woman who's taken veil.
28. Not at any time.
30. Funeral fire.
31. Commerce.
32. Another form of "yes."
34. A pitcher.
35. Received on your birthday.
36. Belonging to you.
37. Provides some with living.
38. Describes this year.

CLUES DOWN

1. Doctor does when invalid's anxious
2. Crude mineral.
3. What you do in a conveyance.
4. By-product of coal.
5. Pointed weapon.
6. Military chaplain.
7. Makes many come a cropper.
8. Sonny often has when playing.
11. Often hangs on bedroom wall.
13. Negative.
17. Commonly heard in country.
18. Child often wants one.
19. What commercial traveller seeks.
20. What blatant advertisement does.
21. It sometimes holds beer.
22. Useless plant.
23. Nicely describes the ant.
24. Certainty.
27. What reporter searches for.
29. Worth.
30. Suffering.

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

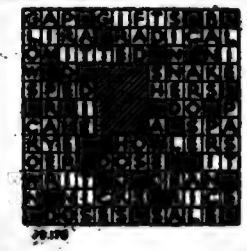
Address Entry: "JOHN BULL," CROSSWORD No. 180, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ENTRY FEE: With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 178



Winners in 177 on page 23

Result of 178 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 178 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co. Write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 8th, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 22nd, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 4th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £750 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

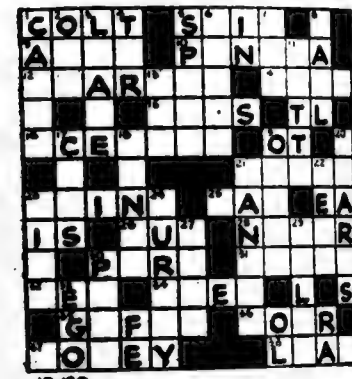
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

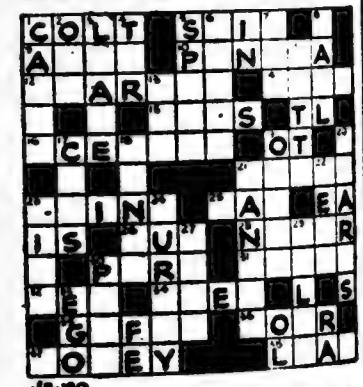
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB-180



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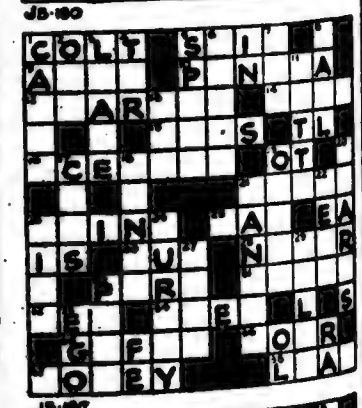

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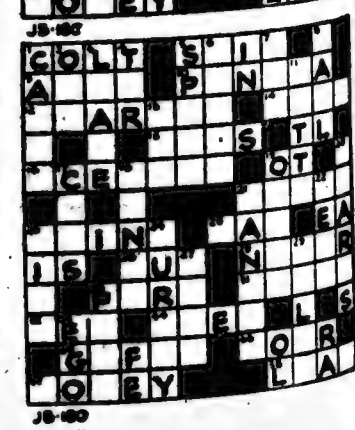
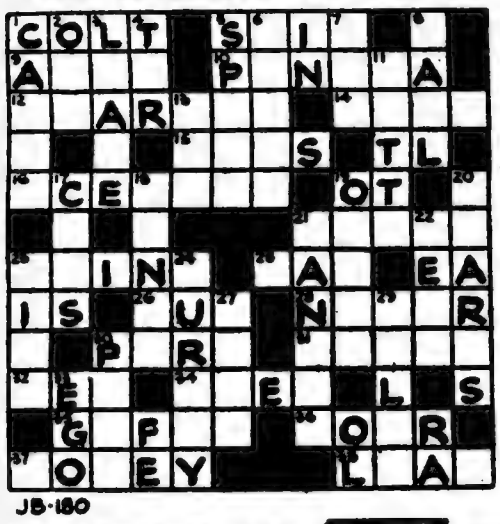


JB-180

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 180. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 8



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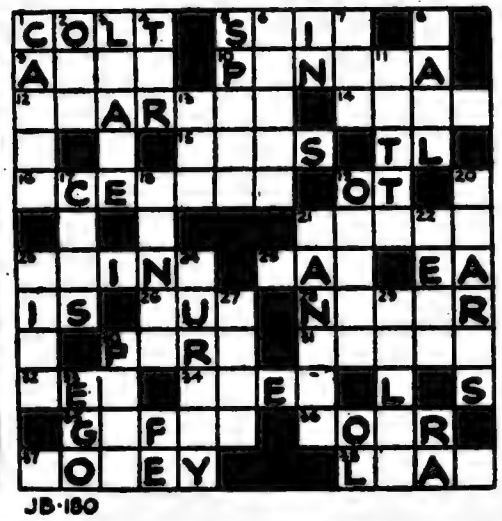

JB-180

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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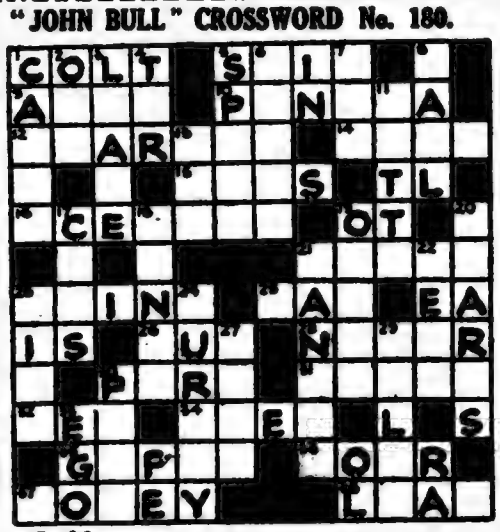
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 180. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 8



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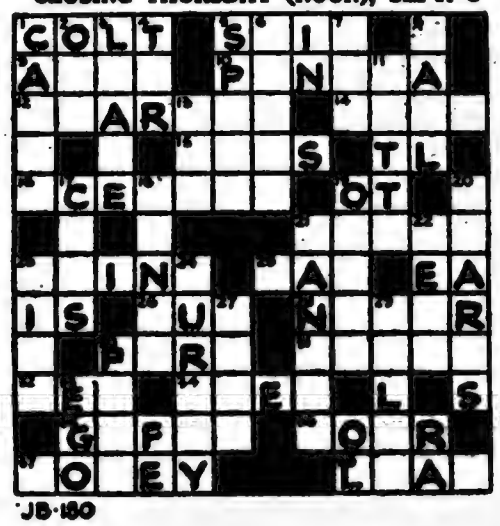


JB-180

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

ADAMSON'S Hidden Hoard

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. "John Bull" does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

H. B. (Hornsey).—"I spent my holiday working in the garden and thoroughly enjoyed it." On pleasure bent.

R. M. (Goole).—"You can say what you like about this letter." But there is not anything we like about it.

A. M. (Frome).—"Why is the average man not a hero to his valet?" Because the average man hasn't a valet.

MAUD (Ventnor).—"I am very keen on one particular young man at this boarding-house." What a pity he is particular!

MANAGERESS (Smeeth).—"I'm going to take a day or two off on my birthday." Quite sure you don't mean a year or two?

W. H. (Lewes).—"Who says that the modern girl is as attractive as her sister of twenty years ago?" The modern girl.

F. M. (Exeter).—"My wife manicures my nails and cuts my corns." She waits on you hand and foot?

JACK (Ely).—"I started life as an office boy." Did you whistle in your little crib?

G. M. (Hampstead).—"Your commissionaire would not let me pass." Oh yes, he would. But he objected to your coming in.

Miss G. (Hove).—"I asked you on the 'phone if you could suggest a hobby for me, but you rang off." Sorry, we thought you said hubby.

P. P. (Stalham).—"Is it right that a certain dancer's legs are insured for £10,000?" Yes, and still they're not properly covered.

R. M. C. (Chelsea).—"A sculptor has modelled in butter a scene in a suburban scullery." No doubt the fingers of the housemaid look very realistic.

AMATEUR (Crieff).—"I have made up my mind that I won't have a lawn this year." The sparrows made up our mind for us.

EMPLOYER (London, W.C.).—"Is it necessary for me to insure my office clocks against theft?" No; they will always be well watched.

SPORTSMAN (St. Albans).—"England holds the land, air, and water speed records." And her tax-payers the long-suffering record.

BUSINESS MAN (Bow).—"One needs an incentive to get to the top of the ladder quickly." Someone threatening to pull it away when one is only half-way up, for instance.

BELLA (Golders Green).—"Women will be really glad to hear that dresses are to be shorter again." And men will be really mad to hear that they will have to pay for the stuff that isn't there again.

P. J. (Woking).—"The shopkeeper assured me that the tortoise I bought would live for a hundred years, but it died within a week." The hundred years must have been up.

OWNER-DRIVER (Stoke).—"I have driven 2,000 miles without an accident in a second-hand car which originally cost me £10." You seem to be good at driving a bargain.

G. R. (Shoreditch).—"A cook-general recently stated in court that she had filled fifty-five different situations in twelve months." She did not reveal, however, what she had done with herself on the other 310 days.

B. M. (Goole).—"Alas! August is over!" A September mourn?

BETTY (Tonbridge).—"What is worse than men talking shop?" Women talking shopping.

BACKER (Taunton).—"I can tell you of a horse on which you can safely put your shirt!" We know it—clothes horse.

R. W. (Hythe).—"I often suffer from writer's cramp." And we often suffer when you don't.

H. M. (Bude).—"Crisanthenums have a strange fascination for me." They certainly cast a peculiar spell over you.

D. M. (Stevenage).—"I have what they call dancing feet." Our corns often make ours feel like that, too.

B. H. (Silsden).—"I fell in love with my wife when I first saw her playing a game of cards." Spotting the lady?

G. V. (Clacton).—"There is a lot of money to be made even out of rubbish." Then why post it to us?

K. L. (London).—"I have been putting on weight for some time now, but I don't mind in the least." Perhaps there are others who do.

L. M. (St. Albans).—"I made a speech on hiking." A few rambling remarks.

T. M. (Halifax).—"I travel in silk underwear." We envy you this hot weather.

F. A. (Colne).—"One should only believe half one hears." Yes, but which half?

S. M. (Oxford).—"What are farmers usually doing at this time of the year?" Grumbling.

D. M. (Truro).—"I am counting the days to Christmas." Why? Isn't your almanac reliable?

D. B. (Balham).—"At present I am travelling in refrigerators." That's one way of keeping cool.

M. L. (Goole).—"I made a chicken run during the week - end." Excellent exercise for both of you.

P. M. (Chelsea).—"I fell over a deck-chair at the seaside and blacked my eye." An unfortunate holiday trip.

N. S. (Sheffield).—"What is the most difficult task an editor has to face?" Finding enough w.p. baskets.

C. K. (Amersham).—"My dog tore up the letter I had written to you first." The animal can evidently read.

Z. D. (Atherstone).—"Do you know what my initial 'Z' stands for?" Because it would be "N" if it laid down.

D. M. (Purley).—"What does a doctor make out his bill in guineas for?" Often the least little ailment.

R. H. (Colchester).—"I know every 'bus route round here for miles." You must be a regular hiker.

B. C. (Hampstead).—"It is extremely difficult for property owners to raise the rent." What about the tenants?

L. S. (Worthing).—"Sex novels are disappearing rapidly." Yes, it is astounding how quickly they are snapped up.

M.P. (Westminster).—"I am familiar with all the most important political questions." Yes, but do you know the answers?

D. M. C. (Hammersmith).—"I'd like to go to a football match every Saturday, but with a family to keep, my £3 a week won't run to it." If you shoot for that goal on page 31, you may soon solve your problem with £1,000 cash and a further £3 every Saturday for life.

L. D. (Exeter).—"I had forgotten my watch, but my appetite told me it was dinner-time." You had inside information.

M. N. (Hastings).—"The air-mails are proving so popular that the price of the service is to be reduced." The more they go up the more they come down.

R. M. (Chiswick).—"I have invented a typewriter, of which the enclosed is a description." Why did you write it with a fountain pen?

TRAVELLER (Purley).—"The savages of Bruman Island never kiss each other." Judging by their photographs, we don't blame them.

GEO. (Hammersmith).—"A well-known M.P. complains that he has never heard anything worth laughing at." He should make a gramophone record of one of his speeches.

A. K. (Ilford).—"In my business a quick turnover is essential." You are an acrobat?

FRED (Leeds).—"Somtimes I don't know which way to turn." You should take a map with you when you go hiking in future.

A. B. (Sutton).—"A parent has quite a burden when he takes a large family of children to the seaside." Especially if they build a sand castle on him.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ACID STOMACHS CAUSE GASTRITIS AND STOMACH ULCERS.

SCIENTIST TELLS HOW TO NEUTRALISE THE ACIDITY.

"Acid," says a high authority, "irritates the delicate lining of the stomach and, if unchecked, will inflame the membrane to such an extent that indigestion, gastritis, and even stomach ulcers ultimately result. So long as excess acidity is present only temporary relief is possible; permanent and complete benefit can be secured only by neutralising the acid, thus giving Nature a chance to heal itself. Personally, I have secured remarkable results in even the severest cases by the use of the well-known antacid, 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and I strongly advise anyone suffering from stomach trouble in any form to keep a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia on hand, and take half a teaspoonful in a quarter of a glass of hot or cold water after each meal, or when the slightest distress is felt. It can be obtained from any chemist, gives immediate relief, and I have known it to cure chronic cases of many years' standing, as well as the most severe cases of acute gastritis."

HOT BATHS FOR LUMBAGO

Also stop the pain of Sciatica, Neuritis, Rheumatism, or other stiffness and swellings.

For immediate and lasting relief from the constant agonising, shooting, darting, burning pains in the lower part of the back, there is nothing so effective nor so convenient as a twenty minutes' bath in hot medicated and oxygenated water. This rapidly eliminates through the 7,000,000 pores of the skin the uric acid and other deposits which form the direct cause of all rheumatic torture. Stimulating the blood circulation and promoting absorption of oxygen through the pores gets rid of those impurities, and your pains, aches, swellings, stiffness and other misery simply *have* to go. A medicated and oxygenated bath is easily prepared at home by dissolving in plain hot water a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates.' Any chemist can supply a large packet at slight cost. This simple home treatment quickly tones up the skin and renders it active and healthy, draws off the poisonous exudations and impurities and produces results obtainable in no other way.

NOTE.—'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' the original preparation for oxygenating water, has been rendered even more effective by being TRIPLE-oxygenated. Also the amount in the packets has been greatly increased without increase in price, which is still only 1s. 6d.

Austin Saloon Cars GIVEN AWAY

Ask your Newsagent for the

AUSTIN MAGAZINE 4D.

which contains all details.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which, being approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the Leading London Hospitals.

There they have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

And now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which makes so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middlesex. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand powder see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 1/3 and 2/- cartons. The latter containing double the quantity. Also family size, 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

INTIMATE FACTS WHICH YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Too Shy to Ask

Many a woman has sacrificed her looks and her health out of a sense of mistaken modesty. Little symptoms connected with the proper functioning of her skin and internal membranes are ignored, although an understanding of their true significance would have prevented the development of graver troubles. Every woman, whether married or unmarried, may now possess a copy of an excellent free booklet published by the proprietors of Milton, called "Yes . . . but how shall I look ten years from now?" In this book you will learn, as from a doctor (it is, as a matter of fact, written by one), the secrets of hygiene that will make so much difference every day now as well as at the most critical periods of your life.

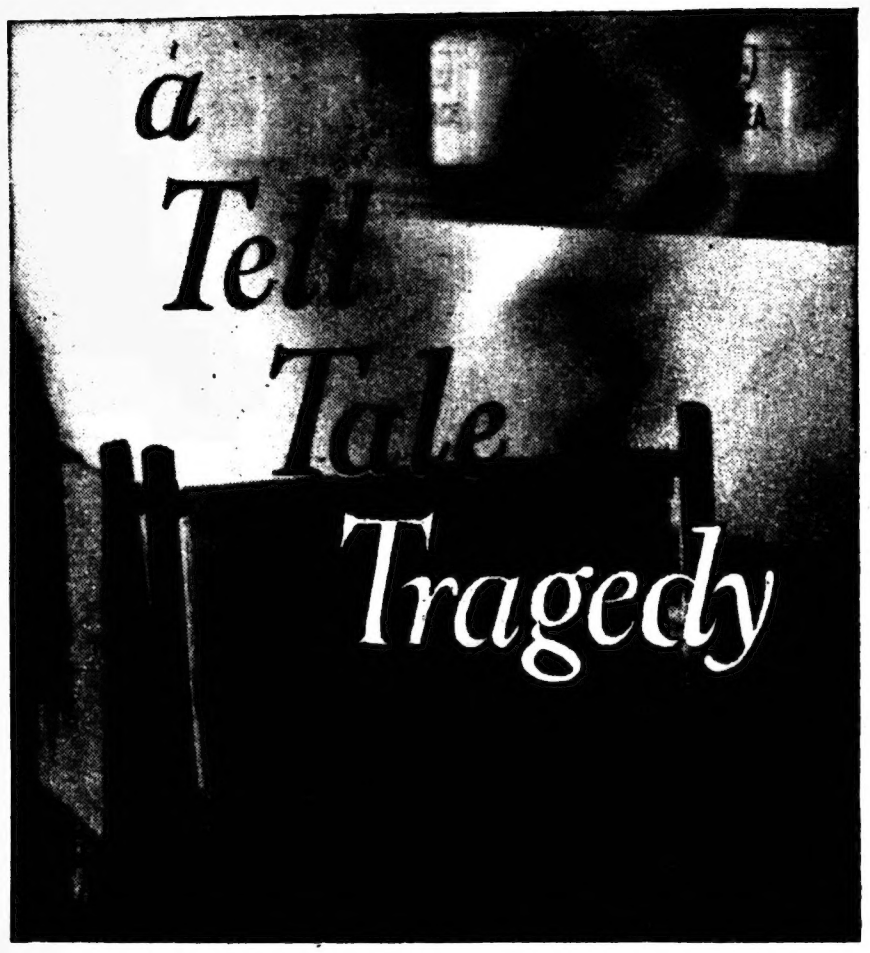
A line to the "Woman's Department" of Milton, whose address is 12, Brewery Road, London, N.7, will bring you a copy under plain sealed cover.

THE PACKET THAT SAVES YOUR POCKET

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILL.

Turn to Mr. Shadforth's offer on the Back Cover. Now—while you think of it! A free offer appears in the advert.



"WHAT a smell of burning! *Those clothes left in front of the kitchen fire to air—they are scorching — some are actually ablaze!*"

It's lucky the danger was scented in time before the hungry flames spread all over the house. Had the outbreak occurred in the dead of night when the home was wrapped in slumber, the contents of the whole home would have been placed in jeopardy.

Clothes placed too near the fire is one of the commonest causes of accident. JOHN BULL has dispatched cheque after cheque to registered readers to replace burnt sheets, table cloths, articles of clothing, etc.

JOHN BULL pays up to £1,000 for Fire Damage and is the ONLY paper to cover this risk, just as it is the ONLY paper to pay Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

"A Blessed Day."

"I never realised the great value of your free insurance until fire broke out in my home. It was, indeed, a blessed day when your canvasser called and explained to me the benefits of your scheme. Many thanks for cheque."

There are thousands of readers who will re-echo the sentiments expressed in this letter from a Liverpool reader.

Have *you* registered for this Free Insurance? Just think! A spark is sufficient to set your home ablaze. Sign *now* on the forms below.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" Covers you free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 3/9/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

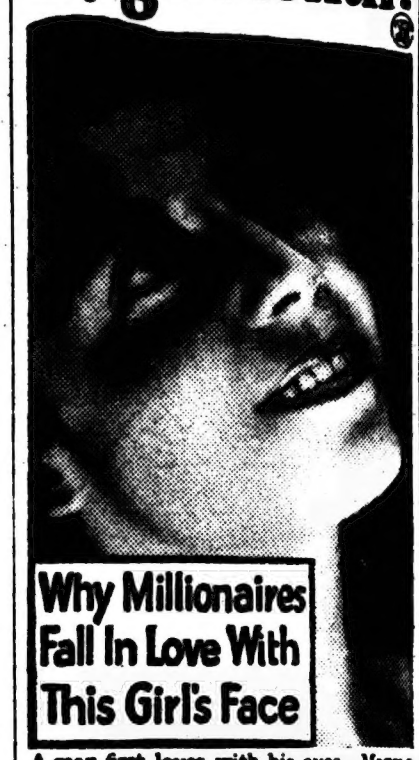
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 3/9/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!
JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be sayed and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

200 Marriage Proposals in a Single Month!



A man first loves with his eyes. Many a man has been won by a beautiful complexion. Women who know this secret are particular to always use face powder blended with mousse of cream. The mousse of cream not only makes the powder very adherent and invisible, but it does away with a shiny nose and sleek, greasy coarse appearance. In Poudre Tokalon, the mousse of cream is scientifically blended with the finest air-floated powder, by patented process.

Every beauty prize winner, for several years past, has been a regular user of Poudre Tokalon. Mlle. Netta Duchateau, the New Beauty Queen of the World, "Miss Universe 1931" admits that its use doubled the beauty of her complexion. In New York, the freshness and beauty of her complexion won such admiration that millionaires laid their hearts and fortunes at her feet. She received over 200 desirable marriage proposals in a single month. Poudre Tokalon is the only face powder which gives to any woman's complexion that indescribable fresh, youthful appearance all men so much admire. Only 1/- a box.

What Made Her Hair Grow?

Read Her Letter for the Answer.

"My hair fell out," writes Miss Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again.

"Then I used Kotalko—and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph." Men also who were baldheaded for years report new hair growths by using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

TEST BOX

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (S3, W.K.), London, W.1

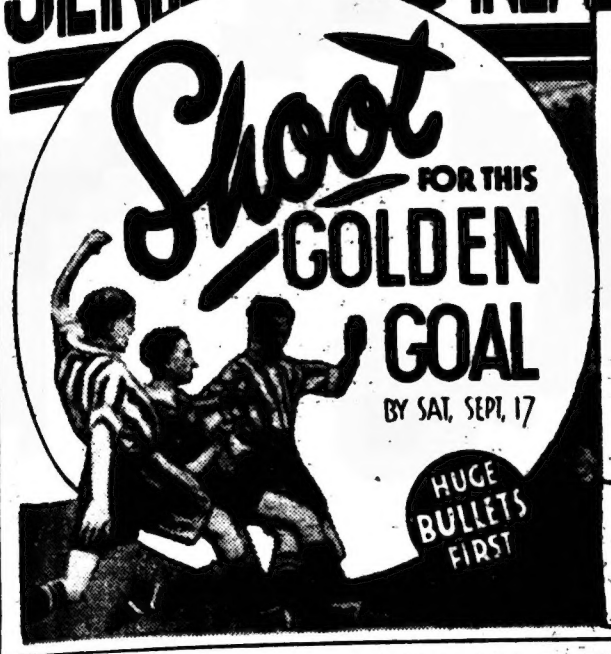
Please send me post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

SENSATIONAL 2-IN-1 PRIZE OPENS 'BULLETS' AUTUMN SEASON



A £3 WEEK FOR LIFE and £1,000 OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £2,000

OTHER PRIZES
£100 SECOND PRIZE — 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10, 500 of 2/6, — £50 THIRD PRIZE
2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL 'TARGETS', 8,000 'TARGETS'

ADDITIONAL AWARDS 'BULLETS'
250 SEASON TICKETS
ALLOWING OVER 100 FREE ENTRIES

AUTUMN CAMPAIGN OPENS WITH HUGE 2-IN-1 FIRST

FOOTBALL is in full swing, the leaves are beginning to fall and the evenings are dark soon after 8 o'clock. Yes, this is the moment to begin your autumn attack on the *Bullets* prize-list—and it is the moment chosen by JOHN BULL to set the ball rolling for *Bullets* Autumn Season with a mighty kick

Besides the First Prize of a Life Pension of £3 a week *and* a fortune of £1,000 and hundreds of other cash prizes, you have the added big attraction of a record offer of 250 *Bullets* "Season Tickets," each allowing the winner over 100 free 6d. entries during the coming months of prize-lists without parallel.

Your first step in this fascinating hunt for a First Prize *Bullet* is to read carefully through the *Examples* provided, keeping your mind on the alert for any ideas they may suggest.

Aim at originality and make sure that your meaning is clear in the TWO, THREE or FOUR words which, neatly added to the *Example*, complete your *Bullet*.

For instance, working on the *Example* DROWNING MAN, you might add the words UNLESS PEACEMAKERS "TAKE PLUNGE," and so complete a *Bullet*.

Before you start, however, study the winning efforts printed this week, noting their varying styles and the simple wording which has been chosen.

Then get busy on your own efforts and make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, September 17.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 860.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,250, CAR AND £20 YEARLY—OR £1,500.

Mr. WILLIAM G. BARNES, 6, Victory Crescent, Millbrook Southampton.

Example:—IN LOVERS' LANE
Bullet:—"PITFALLS" MOONLIGHT NIGHTS *Conceal.*

SECOND PRIZE OF £100

Mr. W. PEARSON, 8, Courthope Road, Hampstead, N.W.
Example:—Only A Little
Bullet:—Child—But What "Lessons"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. V. HARRIS, 27, West Bank, Scarborough.
Example:—Army Of Tourists.
Bullet:—"*Bonsed*" By "Lights Out."

£20 WINNER.

Mr. G. R. SUMMERS, 2, Silver Street, Wakefield.
Example:—Crumbling World
Bullet:—Collar-stud Started The "Landslide."

£19 WINNER.

Mr. H. MacLELLAN, 9, Mossfield Drive, Oban, Argyll.
Example:—Glory Of The Garden
Bullet:—Tomato We're Having To-morrow!

OTHER PRIZES:

£18: Mrs. F. C. SCOTT, 17, West Mall, Bristol.
Quick-change Artist—Wife—Except When "Changing"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£17: E. ALDRIDGE, 100, Burlington Avenue, Oldham.
Cheerful Outlook—"House" Facing Empire's "Links."

£16: F. R. BEST, 86, Fitzwilliam Street, Huddersfield.
Only A Little—Island, But Courage "Boundless."

£15: E. OLIVER, 67, Dens Road, Dundee.
In Lovers' Lane—Dominions—Mustn't "Forget World."

£14: R. McCONCHIE, (staff), Postal Telegraphs, Victoria Street, Liverpool.
Queue Of Unemployed—Human "Girdle," Tightening Belts.

£13: H. MORRIS, 13, North Villas, Camden Square, N.W.
Queue Of Unemployed—Genuine "Fasting Exhibition"—Free.

£12: A. W. SLATFORD, 75, Mitcham Lane, Streatham, S.W.
Crumbling World—Or Only Civilisation's "Stucco"?

£11: Mrs. NEWMAN, 6, Warwick Gardens, Worthing.
At Our Wedding — "Handsome Pair, Those *Vases*!"

£10: Mrs. E. M. HOLT, Elm Grove, Bowness-on-Windermere.
Crumbling World — Is "Reason" Beyond It?

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed '& Co.' payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

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Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

£9: F. G. MARKHAM, Goodnestone, Canterbury.
Glowing Tribute—"Died Fighting—Hadn't Enemy."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£8: A. EVANS, 17, Connaught Avenue, London, S.W.
At Our Wedding — Nature Only "Mother" Laughing.

£7: E. ROBINSON, 63, Cornwall Road, Bristol.
Dr. Sunshine—Usually Attends Football's "Birth."

£6: J. KINCAID, 156, Second Avenue, Clydebank.
Crumbling World—"Step On It," Peacemakers!

£5: S. NORTHCOTT, 44, Greenway Road, Taunton.
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£5: H. VALLEY, Saxilby, Lincoln.
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A list of the £2 10s. and £1 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 864 usually purchase "John Bull."

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 864

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL
THANKS TO THE LEAGUE
UPSET HIS CALCULATIONS
INTERFERING FELLOW
SHE WAS SORRY WHEN
THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND
"FANCY MEETING YOU!"
DEFENCELESS WOMAN
PEEP INTO THE FUTURE
WAY THINGS HAPPEN
ALIVE AND KICKING
BIG BUSINESS
MADE HIM
DROWNING MAN
VANISHED
HIGH TIME
FORGING AHEAD
GREASY POLE
HER TROUSSEAU
SERIOUS MATTER
OFFICE MUSSOLINI
MOTHER'S JOY
FUTILE
AFTER DINNER
FIRST BLOW
WITH A THUMP
MOST MYSTERIOUS
DOWN OUR STREET
ANOTHER ROW
CLOSING
WHEN WE WAKE UP
CLEAR AS DAYLIGHT
CARES
THORN IN MY SIDE
PRESENCE OF MIND
SKILFULLY
FEELING HIS FEET
ALL SHE CAN DO
BLUFF
JOB FOR CUPID

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(864) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(864) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(864) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(864) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 17
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 864, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

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Are MAGIC PELLETS *that*

MAKE **work a pleasure** —***GET*** **you that well-paid job**

HOLD **that well-paid job** —***CURE*** **mental depression**

REVIVE **your interest in life** —***RELIEVE*** **the strain on the brain**

FOR BRAIN WORKERS

SHADFORTH "BRAIN SPARKLERS"

Shadforth "Brain Sparklers"—the wonderful Brain Tonic Tablets—make you brighter in an hour and a new man in two days.

Prices: 1/9 (25) 3/3 (50) 6/- (100)

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Brain Sparklers dispel Absentmindedness, Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run Down Condition, Sleeplessness, Weakness. Send for the Prescription No. 470. A *proved* remedy for Authors, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Politicians, Preachers, Students, Teachers, &c.

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PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF.

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling to pieces feeling.

URIC ACID TROUBLES

ACUTE GOUT, ARTHRITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS, BACKACHE.

For all uric acid troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joint, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **"Shadforth" Three-fold Treatment (No. 74/T.).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at **2/6** and **5/6.**

For STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BLOOD.

Bounding Health. Joie de Vivre.

"A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away."

Prices: 7½d., 1/1 & 2/-.

PAIN AFTER EATING

Gastritis, Acidity and Indigestion disappear like magic.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Pain after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the

"WHITE LIONS"

SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION (No. 1077).

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. **1/6** (72), **2/6** (144), and **7/-** (432).

COLD IN THE NOSE or HEAD

CATARRH, BRONCHIAL COUGH and INFLUENZA.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Price: **2/9** and **4/6.**

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall stones and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2000).** Prices **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

SKIN and COMPLEXION TROUBLES

THE SHADFORTH BEAUTY COURSE FOR THE GIRL OF MODERATE MEANS.

Comprises a special medicated Sulphur Soap, and Complexion Tonic Lotion for use after washing, and the "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Prescription in tablet form.

This constitutes the world's best triplex beauty treatment, and is supplied with full directions. It removes Acne, or Blackheads, Pimples, Redness, Blemishes, and Sallow Complexion. The Beauty Parlour price of similar treatment runs from 2 to 5 guineas. Ask for **Shadforth Beauty Course (No. 445/T.)** Prices **3/6** and **6/-.**

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Price: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youthlike elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. (Prescription No. 1,166/T.)** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

You can obtain these prescriptions privately packed post free by return post at the prices named (abroad extra) from:

Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited

(Dept. J.B. 112), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return post from Shadforth's.

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